National Anti-Slavery Standard

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR.. Without Concealment—Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

VOL. XII. NO. 24. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1851. WHOLE NO. 596.

Published weekly, on Thursday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK. Terms, TWO DOLLARS per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by Norris & Johnston, printers.

Selections.

LIBERAL MEDITATIONS—KOSSUTH AND COTTON.

By Rev. H. W. BEECHER, *in The Independent.*

THE topics of excitement now-a-days follow each other with such rapidity that we seem to live in a dream, in which the most astonishing conjunctions and the strangest objects no longer surprise. Our palate is becoming used to high flavours. Nothing less than expeditions, revolutions, world alliances, monster exhibitions, have any power to arrest attention. The unparalleled history of the settlement of California, the sudden creation of a fleet of sea steamers, surpassing in magnitude the men-of-war to which we used to look up as the very-mountains of the deep, the disastrous invasion of Cuba, the extra legal tribunals of San Francisco, by which the mob take the place and functions of organized Justice, while the courts and government, caught in the popular mesh, hang like skeleton flies in a spider's web, swinging in the wind; the escape and glorious advent of that most renowned of modern men—Louis Kossuth; these and such like events occur almost daily. Once, it was a thing to be spoken of if one had doubled the Horn or the Cape; but now it is becoming as common as to go from Broadway into Wall street. The ship that insures to-day, bound for Canton, looks into San Francisco, cuts across the Pacific, stows its Oolong and Imperial, pierces the homeward deep, with its blade-prow, and is back again, almost before we have done talking about her sailing. The globe used to have a respectable circumference, in the days of Dutch-built ships. Long voyages used to be talked about. We might now almost as well talk of long voyages in a wash-tub. Very soon there will be no place where a villain can run away to, unless it be behind the icebergs of the Polar Sea. Deserts are steadily encroached upon. peered into a little and a little further every year. And interior Africa will soon be familiar whistling-ground to Yankee traders, who will whittle from the Cape of Good Hope straight through to the Nile or to Algiers! After that, there will be no place left in the world where a man can lose himself—unless he join some Union Safety Committee. A man can scarcely be found there.

The topics of the morning, over a dish of coffee, are no longer the weather, the crops, the upsetting of a coach, or a sneaking burglary or two. We now eagerly count up how many *scores* were smashed up in the last railroad collision, and how many blown up in the last capitally executed steamboat explosion. It is a matter of infinite pleasure to us always to learn, on such occasions, that "no one was to blame," and that the "utmost care was taken" by the engineers and conductors. For, if one has acquaintances in the calamity, it is a gratification to know that their disaster was a *fate*, not a careless accident; and that they died honourably by a law of nature, not by the neglect of a stupid conductor, or a drunken captain.

Then, too, we sup upon no wishy-washy highway robberies; we affect hearty murders, and capital hangings,—especially if the rope breaks. By the way, ought not the government to appoint a commission on Hemp? We remember that Daniel Webster very significantly assured the gentlemen of the Senate, we think it was, that the operation of pulling hemp with nothing to stand on was very inconvenient. But lately, we observe, that the cords which Government selects are so economically manufactured that men find something to stand on quite unexpectedly, and have to be twice hung before they are once killed. This is not an impertinent intermeddling on our part. We claim to have a personal interest in this matter of hanging. Daniel Webster has most emphatically declared that resistence to the Fugitive-Slave Law is treason. Judge Kane of Pennsylvania has charged the jury that the extemporaneous resistance of fugitives and their compeers to civil process was treason. President Fillmore has sent marshals with patriotic celerity to Syracuse, to arraign for treason all who aided and abetted the rendering of a man to his liberty.

Now it is quite plain that *treason* is to be plentiful. The prospects of harvest were never better. We have felt the symptoms of ripeness ourselves. And as treason is a capital offence, and brings a man to hanging, it is plain that the Government has work on hand for a while to come. Every candidate for such honours, therefore, has a right, we think to insist upon it that if the Government will hang one man for helping another to his liberty, they shall at least provide good hemp. It is against the law to try a man twice for the same offence. But our hangmen sometimes *try* a fellow twice or three times before they succeed. We have prejudices against being hung with a rotten cord. The Southern hemp is not strong enough to hold the Union together if it is not strong enough to hold the weight of one traitor. Why not drop hemp entirely (as it drops its victims), and try cotton? Cotton politics and cotton theology have caught the wind as well as cotton sails. Why not cotton cordage? If cotton is half as good for hanging traitors as cotton theology and cotton patriotism are for making them, hemp ought to be suspended. Won't the Union Committee *try it*? Some of them, who have been the most intimate with cotton, *have* suspended; but ought they not to hang in suspense? If any of them have a mind to try it, we will intercede for the other conveniences requisite, so that they shall be at no expense. But every consideration requires that they should use *cotton*. Judas tried hemp, and the rope broke. We trust that they will so far deviate from his interesting experiment of selling his master at a bargain, as *not* to throw away the thirty pieces of silver, and not to try hemp. Give *us* the money, for the relief of fugitive slaves, and take good *cotton* for halters! and, if they love their country, *do* let them take cotton that won't *break!*

As for ourselves, while we regard robbery and ordinary murder as in bad taste, we begin to have a *penchant* for treason. *That* is getting to be a gentlemanly affair. There, for example, are the Irish traitors—noble fellows, guilty of not loving oppression!. There are our ancestral traitors—Adams, Warren, Jay, Washington, and others, whom the British Government, at one time, was as intent upon hanging as our friends at Washington now are upon hanging Christiana and Syracuse traitors. Then, Poland has had multitudes of traitors, and the Czar of Russia has tucked them away by hundreds under the snow-wreaths of Siberia! We recollect some few historic names of eminent traitors in England, in the days of the struggle of men for liberty. Italy has her traitors, too, Achilli, Mazzini, and others. And Austria—why, she has races and nations of traitors! She exports them. All England is agog just now at the arrival of the world's most illustrious modern traitor, Louis Kossuth! And he goes from his den at Kutahyia in a steam-frigate of this traitor-hating Government of the United States! What—importing traitors! Will it not interfere with home manufacture? Our enterprise in this branch of domestic industry is recent, and in a very precarious state. Is it right to glut our market with superior traitors from abroad? and especially, ought the Government to have a hand in this branch of commerce?

We suppose great celebrations are at hand for this illustrious Hungarian traitor. *We* have no scruples in joining any procession. Indeed, we would more gratefully prize the privilege of adding something to the joy, or soothing the nobly borne and heroic griefs of Louis Kossuth, than of any single man of modern days! He is a traitor, quite to our conception of patriotism. A hatred of oppression in every form, a love of liberty which is as strong as life itself, and a willingness to suffer, to labour and endure to the uttermost, and even to die for the sake of achieving the one for our country, and destroying the other, is just our idea of patriotism.

But we know that we are singular. It is but frank to state that many of our most venerated clergymen, who were ordained of God to teach men to ridicule God's law when it comes in conflict with men's laws—differ from us. Of course they will refuse to take part in any ovation of Kossuth.

What an absurdity would it be for those revered men who acted as chaplains, on a Saturday night, to a Union Committee Safety dinner given to Senator Foote (more familiarly known whilom as Hangman Foote—not so much because he deserved the halter for his senatorial pugilism, as from the fact of his declaring, in his place, in the presence of the full Senate of these United States, that he would help to hang another United States Senator, Mr. Hale, upon the first tree, if he had him in Mississippi—for the crime of free speech in behalf of liberty!) Senator Foote being the hero, the celebration of the Union saved by the Fugitive Slave Law being the occasion, several of our most aged and eloquent clergy graced the table with their presence, and amid the artillery of champagne they congratulated their country upon such salvation as Union Committees worked out!

Now, let us suppose that a committee of clergymen should be deputed to wait upon the illustrious exile (whose traitorous effigy has just been haltered and hung, at home!). Of course we should select those who have most pointedly inveighed against the doctrine of Higher Law. Dr. Dewey, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Spencer, Dr. Spring, Dr. Lord—could a better committee be desired?

During the quarantine of two days which our Government has ordered at Staten Island, we may imagine that it is the purpose of our excellent rulers to cleanse away all inward taint of treason, as well as outward contamination of plague, from the illustrious exile. We will imagine that the days are to be divided between the Church and the State. Our clerical committee would without doubt cast a shade of awe over the abashed hero, as they marched into the cabin of the steam frigate MISSISSIPPI—(the State of repudiation and Senator Foote!)—each one bearing a presentation copy of his sermon or speech on the Fugitive Slave Law. The oldest clergyman now approaches Kossuth, and welcomes him to this land of liberty and equality. Its blessings are described: the statistics of our prosperity are briefly given. "All these things," says the excellent spokesman, "we owe under God to our liberty. No people can thrive while ground by oppression." This happy laudation of liberty being done, the gentlemen proceed to question his notions of law and government, patriotism and treason

"Does your Excellency believe that Slavery is a sin *per se*? Do you not regard it as a patriarchal institution tolerated by Jehovah, not abrogated by Christ, and if properly used, a beneficent arrangement for the blacks?"

M. Kossuth (being, perhaps, more used lately to the sword than to theology) may be supposed to be a little confused, and rather evades so unsavory a catechism.

But our good divines are too expert in examining candidates in theology in all the nice distinctions into which Truth has been split up, to be easily dodged. And so Dr. S. says plainly, "Would you sir, if by uttering the prayer for it, you could release every slave in America, to-morrow, dare to utter such a prayer?"

"That I should, very quickly," responds the illustrious catechumen, a little off his guard by the directness of the question. The Divines nudge each other. There is business on hand.

"Do you believe that a slave has a right to run away from his master?"

"Do you mean to inquire by this question, gentlemen, whether I have done right in running away from the service of the Emperor of Austria?"

"No, sir; oh no. You are a white man. Perhaps we ought to put the question a little more explicitly. Do you believe a black man, held to Slavery in South Carolina, has any right to run away?"

The English tongue being yet a little new, Mr. Kossuth does not exactly know what *South Carolina* is (an ignorance, perhaps, of which her own citizens somewhat partake), and supposing that it is the name of some prison, or government galley, answers that "If a man is imprisoned for crime, he thinks that he ought to work his sentence out, whether he is white or black."

"Do you think when a man is flying for his liberty, that any one has a right to help him off?"

"Oh certainly I do. I quite agree with your Government, gentlemen, who have kindly provided me this noble steamer wherewith to escape the Emperor of Austria."

"But, do you think if a fugitive is arrested, that it is right for men to conspire together for his release against the express laws of his native land?"

"Ah, gentlemen, you are quite familiar with my case. I perceive that you allude to my extradition from Kutahyia, against the edict of the Emperor of Austria! I quite agree with you, gentlemen, that the Turks did a noble thing."

By this time the venerated doctors whisper a moment in consultation, and conclude to leave a copy each of their several sermons and addresses in favour of obeying the Fugitive Slave Law, and to turn down leaves upon the most salutary passages; such as this, in Dr. Lord's sermon ("Union Safety Committee" edition, p. 6), "To plead a Higher law to justify disobedience to a human law, the subject-matter of which is within the cognizance of the State, is to reject the authority of God himself, who has committed to Governments the power and authority which they exercise in civil affairs." As a slave is by our laws defined to be a *chattel*, to be completely in the power of his master; as our laws give to the master the right to treat his female slaves as he will; to separate families, sell the children in one direction and the parents in the other; as our civil laws protect the master in the right of sending his own blood to market mingled with his slaves—it is not strange that Kossuth, on reading the passage, quite failed to see its practical drift, and thought that it was a hint to him to be an obedient citizen when he should have settled down.

Dr. Spencer called his attention by a dog's-eared leaf to the doctrine (on page 17), "A man has no right to fling away his life for a mere sentiment, and leave his wife a widow, or his gray-haired parents without a son to solace them." This is a part of the statement that citizens have no right to resist Government until there is a good prospect of success. Upon this passage Kossuth ponders; and as he walks up and down his now deserted cabin, he soliloquizes: "As if the greatest achievements of the world were not in their inception gloomy and cheerless to all usual methods of estimation. It is the heart determined to die—it is that courage which cries out 'give me liberty or give me death;' it is that nobleness of nature that scorns to accept life as a burden of disgrace, and hastens to lay it down as a sacrifice to liberty; in short, it is that sublime and heroic determination of great souls to vindicate man's manhood, living or dying, that ever gives success! Every Hungarian that has fallen is a tongue of liberty in the world. Between the Russian Bear and the Austrian Snake there was but little hope of victory for their native land. But though Hungary has lost her best sons the world has gained them. They stand up above all division lines of States, and inspire men everywhere with hatred to oppression and a determination to be free. No, it is the mark of a coward to be afraid to strike until he is sure of victory—until he has calculated the profit and loss, and has a safe commercial prospect of gaining! It is the *very* mark, in all ages, of a MAN, that he *is* willing to die for a 'SENTIMENT!'"

On their way back to the city, our clerical examiners held a grave consultation. "Well, I am disappointed, for one. Mr. Kossuth is not so intelligent a man as I supposed. He is somewhat inclined to fanaticism." "It is not to be expected that with his limited knowledge of republican government he should have discriminating views of the doctrines of liberty. We must remember that he is but a Magyar, and a recent proselyte to liberty—'a new broom sweeps clean.'" "Yes, *this* broom sweeps clean enough! I regard his views to be nothing short of flat higher law nonsense!" "Gentlemen, let us not be too desponding. We may hope that a little reflection will convince Mr. Kossuth that circumstances alter cases; a little dining out, a free intercourse with our public functionaries; a better knowledge of the state of things here, and on which side his bread is buttered; one or two visits from distinguished statesmen, these, with the documents which we have left, will probably soon change him from a blind Magyar patriot, into an American patriot: two very different species, you know. Stranger changes than that have taken place. How long did it take to change *you*, Dr. ——? How long did it take *you*, Brother ——, to come round? Why, half the men in the nation that now stand right on the Slavery question, a year or two ago believed in the doctrines of human liberty to the full extent. That sentence in the Declaration of Independence, 'that all men are born free,' &c., has done more mischief than the whole instrument ever did good! Well, brethren, let us remember Kossuth in our prayers!" —and upon this they separated.

If this visit to the illustrious traitor whose higher law doctrines had brought revolution, bloodshed and defeat to Hungary, and immortal glory to himself and all his confederates, was awkward to our lower law divines, it was yet more ticklish to our excellent Government folks! We may suppose several cabinet councils were held. The President may be supposed to have submitted the question thus: "Gentlemen: It is not to be disguised that we are called to act in circumstances of peculiar delicacy. We must sympathize with the doctrines of liberty in such a way as not to disturb the rights of Slavery. Mr. Kossuth has evidently headed a revolutionary movement, and has claimed the right to do so on the ground of mere natural rights, and upon sentiments of duty. While we acquiesce in these general views, it must be delicately handled, or we shall seem to stand upon *higher law* doctrine; and we ought to have as little to do with God as possible. I regard it, too, as a little awkward that Mr. Kossuth has just been hung in effigy at Pesth for a traitor. We are just now experimenting on so many traitors, that it may lead to unsavory comparisons. I have therefore assembled you, gentlemen, to lay before you the question, How shall we receive Kossuth without recognising the great principles on which he stands; for it is plain that if we accept *his* principles we cannot hold on to our own!"

Thereupon an animated discussion was held. One gentleman thought that it would be policy to say so much of Kossuth, that nobody would think of *them*. The Secretary of the Navy was of opinion that statesmen and their principles were like ships and their armament; there must be a set for each side, besides a few revolving guns set in the middle, and turning with equal facility in every direction.

The Secretary of the Army thought it a plain case. "A statesman's *real* principles are mere heavy artillery, stocked in forts, and never to be used unless the enemy attacked the fort. But then there was another set of principles to be used in the field—light horse, skirmishers, and flying artillery. Now, gentlemen, I take it that Conscience and Right, and that sort of armament, are heavy guns not to be used twice in a century. But obedience to law, and patriotism, and the duty of all citizens to keep the compromises, these are light artillery dashing about here and there, wheeling, twisting, firing or retreating, just as the exigency of the field requires!"

The Secretary of the Treasury "was of opinion that the case was difficult only in theory. In *practice* he apprehended the thing might be operated successfully. You see, gentlemen, just now, that conscience and old-fashioned patriotism, and higher law, are non-interest paying stocks, and our fancy doctrines rule the market. A few outsiders have invested largely in the old securities; but I think we have cornered them. There never was a nimbler market for fancies than now. Just combine, give the old stocks another push down, rush the fancies a notch or two up, and then, just before the reaction comes, why we'll sell out, and make a clean profit on the speculation."

The Secretary of State, who had looked remarkably heavy at the announcement of the business, gradually cheered up as these counsellors proceeded, and by the time that the dozen bottles had been uncorked he was ready. "Gentlemen, union is indispensable in such a case as this. If I have been able to render some slight service to my country in former days, I shall not be found wanting in such a crisis. This country must be saved. We must therefore praise Kossuth, and praise America, and praise liberty, and say as little about *principle* as possible. Gentlemen, I have thoroughly explored this whole question. It is quite possible for us to take both sides, and to use both sides. We must believe in liberty. We must believe in government too. Men have rights; but so have masters. Men must obey their consciences; but they must obey the laws too. If there is any disagreement between these things, it is not for us to go into such abstractions. It is mere metaphysics. Gentlemen, no man is complete without many sides—ανερ πολυπλευρος—myriad-minded men. I have many sides, you have many sides; all public men have many sides. It is a wise Providence that has ordered it. Let us receive Kossuth on the front side. Gentlemen, let liberty, for the occasion, take—the other side."

As the schedule of arrangements has not been published, it would be premature to say whether the deeds and speeches on the occasion of Kossuth's reception are to conform to their councils.

FRUITS OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

THE natural results of this atrocious policy are now lamentably developing themselves. Slaveowners avail themselves of the law rigorously and vindictively; the free black population and a few whites make common cause with the pursued slaves, and desperate resistance and bloodshed result. The two Messrs. GORSUCH are dead;* other parties in the fray at Christiana are injured; the fugitive slaves were not taken (probably they are safely beyond the borders of the United States); but twenty-four persons (blacks, with two exceptions) are under arrest, charged with *treason* (!); the Maryland slaveowners set no bounds to their fury, demanding vengeance, threatening to withdraw from the Union, and all the rest. What may be the effect of this affair upon the black population generally in the Slave States themselves, when it gradually comes to their hearing (as it will) distorted, and exaggerated no doubt in the direction to excite their minds, remains to be seen

What has taken place has been in the attempt to enforce a law for the recovery of a species of American property, which never can be property except in a legal sense, by means which the laws of the United States themselves would not permit for the recovery of any other property whatever.

We have, on a previous occasion, characterized this enactment, not as a new outrage against humanity (though it is a step backwards), but as a monstrous insult to civilized law. Slavery is, alas! no new sin in the United States; but the legalised violation of the admitted requirements of civilized law is a new thing, we believe, in the United States' Code. Americans are, most of them, sadly callous to the evils of Slavery; many are hopeless, many feel powerless, as regards its extinction; but even slaveholders and pro-slavery men ought to have had too much respect for the principles of common law as applied to their *de facto* "institution" of Slavery, to have ever devised those enactments which specifically disgrace the Fugitive Slave Law. A law which allows any white man to claim property in any black one found at large, which admits the most disgraceful laxity in the proof of identity, and expressly bribes the judge, by a double fee, to the interest of the white claimant, the judges themselves being men specially appointed for this one judicial office, and not the established and disinterested justiciary of the land—such a law was sure to be evaded, defied, opposed by violence. The marshal has power to summon American citizens to his aid in this vile service; but no law can insure the compliance of American citizens. The American citizen has a will of his own, even where no such question as Slavery is concerned. The law, it seems, declares resistance to the capture of an alleged slave treason. A strange notion of treason, truly, to prevail among men who are wont, on much less important occasions, to take the law into their own hands in the name of Liberty, Independence, and genuine Freedom! Mob law is but little shocking to the American mind in ordinary cases; but, if exercised on behalf of a black man's personal liberty against an unequal law made by white men, it is treason! We are curious to see the United States' law of treason expounded by the judges. In a monarchy we know what it means; it is evil design against the Crown as the symbol of Government; an idea simply ridiculous to the Republican's mind. In his mind, it might be expected to denote evil design against the head of the Republic as representing the sovereign people. But no! the PRESIDENT is not, in the case before us, assailed in person or office. Is treason a defiance of the sovereignty of law? Then any offence against any law were treason. Then resistance to the officer who apprehends a man for theft were treason. What is the American idea of treason? Is it resistance to the law *on Slavery matters alone?* Is that "peculiar institution," which forms the peculiar misfortune and curse of their country, the blessed and sacred Majesty to which Americans must swear loyalty, and which requires to be protected by statutes of high treason? Does this stand in place of crown and sceptre? Is this the national emblem in which Americans can glory? Surely not! Yet be it so;—be it that hostility to Slavery, or to the details of the Fugitive Slave Law, is treason to the American State;—then Abolition doctrines are treasonable, and the Anti-Slavery press is actionable for high treason! Surely this doctrine of treason against Slavery, as Goddess, Queen, or Patron of a nation of Republicans, can hardly be sustained.

It seems probable (indeed it is stated as fact in some accounts), that in the late bloody affair in Pennsylvania, the free blacks acted under the advice or instigation of some of the Abolition party. If this be true, we cannot think such advice or instigation wise, right, or Christian. But we cannot at all wonder at others taking a different view; nor at the warm friends of freedom taking part in the affair at the impulse of generous feeling, without any deliberate and calm view of duty, wisdom, or probable consequences. Such a law for maintaining such an institution is sure to provoke perpetual resistance. Passive resistance might be the wiser and the more Christian course: but Americans are not the men to complain, with pistol in hand as aggressors, that pistols are fired in defence or rescue. The Southerners should not too warmly complain of the warmth of excited feeling. "They have sown the wind, and they must reap the whirlwind."—*London Inquirer.*

* Such was the first account, but his son recovered from his wounds.—*Ed. Standard.*

Some of the Free Soil papers of Massachusetts are indulging in reminiscences, as witness the following from the (Boston) *Columbian Centinel*, of Nov. 27, 1819, *et seq.*

PUBLIC MEETING.

Several persons having assembled on Wednesday last, to take into consideration the expediency of petitioning Congress on the subject of inserting in any law for the admission of new States into the Union, a prohibition of the further extension of *involuntary servitude* in such State: and having agreed that a more general meeting for that purpose was expedient, and appointed the undersigned a Committee to call such meeting. We hereby give notice that a meeting of such of the inhabitants of Boston and its vicinity as are disposed to express their sentiments to Congress on this subject will be held in the Representatives' Chamber, in the State House, on Friday, the third day of December next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

WILLIAM EUSTIS, D. WEBSTER.
JOSIAH QUINCY, J. T. AUSTIN,
J. PRINCE, JOHN GALLISON.

N. B. Printers of other papers in Boston and the neighbouring towns are requested to publish this notice.

PREVENTION OF SLAVERY.

[*From the Columbian Centinel, Dec.* 4, 1819.]

Pursuant to public notice, a very respectable meeting of citizens of Boston and vicinity, was held at the State House on the 3d instant. The Hon. *Wm Eustis* called the meeting to order, when *James Prince*, Esq., Marshal of the District, was chosen chairman, and *William Tudor*, Esq., Secretary. The chairman then stated the object of the meeting, and called upon the gentlemen to express their opinions—when *James T. Austin*, Esq., rose, and in a very eloquent speech discussed the constitutional right of Congress and the expediency, upon the grounds of humanity, morality and policy, as well for the territory itself as for the United States, and concluded by moving that a Committee should be appointed to decide what measures should be adopted to express the opinion of the meeting. The chairman was requested to appoint this committee—which was composed of twenty gentlemen, viz:

Hons. W. Eustis Roxbury, John Phillips, T. Bigelow, Medford, Wm. Gray, Henry Dearborn, Josiah Quincy, Daniel Webster, Wm. Prescott, Thos. H. Perkins, S. White Jr. Esq., Salem, Hon. Ben. Pickman, Salem, L. M. Parker, Charlestown, Wm. Ward Medford, W. Sullivan, George Blake, David Cummings, Jr., Salem, James Savage, John Gallison, James T. Austin, Henry Orne, Esqs.

The committee retired, and on their re-entering the chairman, Hon. W. Eustis, laid the following report on the table:

The extirpation of Slavery has never ceased to be regarded as a measure deeply concerning the honour and safety of the United States. The existence of this practice is to be ascribed to the policy of the government to which their ancestors were subject, and not to their own choice. But to omit any precaution that might afford a hope of relieving them, however gradually, both from the burthen and the reproach, would have justly exposed them to the charge of nourishing the evil which they did not create. The Constitution, therefore, contained a provision showing, evidently, the design that, at a future period, the increase of slaves by importation should be prohibited. Subsequent laws have carried this provision into effect. In whatever tends to diminish the evil of Slavery, or to check its growth, all parts of the confederacy are alike interested. In the States where it chiefly exists, to devise some secure and certain plan of deliverance from it effects, has been the earnest wish of enlightened and reflecting men. The same feelings and views induced Congress, when new territories were received as part of our empire, to impose on them a restriction intended to preserve them from that calamity which afflicted the older States. Of this restriction they have enjoyed the benefit, and they now exult in the moral and political advantages derived from a free population. And when we consider the unanimity with which Congress adopted the Ordinance of 1787, that first Constitutional prohibition of Slavery in modern times, every State South of the Potomac being present and voting unanimously in its favour, we are encouraged to believe, that a policy so wise and humane will not now be departed from. But it seems to us that nothing could be more opposite to this policy than the opening of an almost boundless country to the unlimited importation of slaves from other States. The newly acquired territory would thus be burdened with all the mischiefs which are too well known to be the sure results of Slavery: an evil which has long been deplored, would be incalculably augmented; the whole confederacy would be weakened and our free institutions disgraced by the voluntary extension of a practice repugnant to all the principles of free government, and the continuance of which in any part of our country, necessity alone has justified.

To those who are making efforts to prevent the extension of Slavery, it is a source of equal pride and pleasure to know, that they are countenanced and supported by characters most venerable in those States in which it is not yet abolished, and if to these are added the fervent wishes of their fellow-citizens in the other States, the appeal, we trust, will not be disregarded. It is, therefore,

Resolved, As the opinion of this meeting, that the Congress of the United States possesses the constitutional power, upon the admission of any new State, created beyond the limits of the original territory of United States, to make the prohibition of the further extension of Slavery, or involuntary servitude, in such new State, a condition of its admission.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, it is just and expedient, that this power should be exercised by Congress upon the admission of all new States created beyond the orignal limits of the United States.

This report accepted. JAS. PRINCE, Chair'n.

After the report had been read, *Alden Bradford*, Esq. rose and expressed his doubts as to the constitutional rights of Congress to prohibit Slavery, although he had as great an abhorrence of Slavery as any other man. He was replied to by *George Blake*, Esq. and the Hon. *Daniel Webster*, who demonstrated very clearly, the constitutional right of Congress to enact the prohibition, and the strong expediency for exercising the right.

A committee of five was chosen to address copies of the above resolutions to the delegates of this State in Congress on the subject, to be signed by the citizens of this State. This committee consists of the following gentlemen:

DANIEL WEBSTER, JOSIAH QUINCY,
GEORGE BLAKE, JAMES T. AUSTIN,
JOHN GALLISON, Esqrs.

THE PROPOSED DIVISION OF CALIFORNIA—ITS RELATION TO THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

THE South, from Monterey down, are thoroughly awake to the necessity of such a division of our State, as will enable each set of interests in California to collect and be regulated around its proper centre. From the adjournment of the Constitutional Convention, there has existed a jealousy on the part of the South against the North. We have the numerical strength, and notwithstanding that concessions have been made to the South, the Government has been anything but favourable to that section of the State.

The mountains, rivers and valleys of California are so arranged as to form a geographical system, naturally suggesting the proper boundaries for a State. And when we regard these, the coast counties from Monterey to San Diego, seem attached in our State rather by an arbitrary rule, than from any geographical or economical considerations.

A bird's-eye view of California presents to the mind four parallel lines. The first is the line of breakers along the Pacific shore, from Klamath to San Diego, the second is the ridge of the coast range, the third is formed by the rivers Sacramento and San Joaquin, the former flowing southerly, and the latter northerly, until they meet; the fourth is the glittering snow-tipped ridge of the Sierra Nevada. From the latter line to the great rivers of our State lies an inclined plain, sloping towards the west. From the two rivers to the summit of the coast range, lies another. Thus is formed the great valley of California, the northern half being called Sacramento valley, and the southern San Joaquin.

We have now glanced from the eastern boundary of our State down into a long valley, and up to the ridge of the coast range down to the Pacific

Thus the eastern portion of our State is composed of one great valley, and the western of an inclined plain, upon whose green hills the setting sun shines, and at whose feet the breakers of the Pacific dash. Along this western slope, from San Francisco Bay southerly, lie the counties desiring to separate from us and form a territory. They are Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, Monterey, San Louis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angelos, and San Diego. Lying as they do, they form a geographical system of themselves. Their interests are identical, their soil is fertile, their climate presents few changes, their population is, as a general thing, agricultural, and they are separated from the rest of the State by the natural boundary of a high mountain range.

And how is it with the North? The Sacramento, with its tributaries, furnishes a system of cheap highways, which bind together the northern half of the great valley; the San Joaquin, with its tributaries, binds the southern half of the great valley together, and both rivers meeting and flowing through a wide gap in the Coast Range, unite each section to the other, and the whole to the Bay of San Francisco. Here we cannot but notice another geographical system. San Francisco is the root, and the Bays of San Pablo and Suisun, with our two largest rivers, form the trunk and branches through which flow nourishment and supplies to thousands who are toiling among the mines, or are directly dependent upon them.

If, therefore, the State is to be divided, Nature points out to us where the boundary should lie. Although a large agricultural population is setting along the banks of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, yet the mines have created, and will maintain, interests different from those which exist in the counties that are to petition the next legistature to be set off from the State. So far, therefore, as geography and interests are concerned, we are actually two States united together.

Besides, California is too large long to continue under one government. The mineral character of the North, and the transactions which take place there, are such as to require a State Government whose expenses are absolutely enormous as compared with the necessities of the South. The business of the southern merchants, and the incomes of most of the southern rancheros, will not warrant the payment of their quota towards the expenses of our government. Nor is it fair for us to ask it of them. The whole South find that their property is being eaten up by taxes. And if this state of things continues, many years will not elapse before every wealthy man among them will be a beggar. They are unanimous in this petition for a separation. We have the power to out-vote them, it is true, but if we take this step, it can be looked upon in no other light than the tyrannical exercise of power on the part of a majority. If they wish to go, and are unanimous in the wish, it is the spirit of republicanism to let them go.

We will admit that if a separation take place, there is great probability of the introduction of Slavery into the territory. But consistency is a jewel, and they have the same right to introduce it that we had to exclude it.

The only argument we have seen urged against a division appeared in *The Herald* a day or two since, and it is certainly deserving of serious consideration. It is in substance that by allowing the southern coast portion of California to leave us, *Slavery might be introduced, and thus the Union again be put in jeopardy.* Were the storm which threatened to wreck the Union passed, were the compromises likely to satisfy forever the North and the South, there would be weight in this argument. But we look upon the tempest as but just commenced. *The South are determined to introduce new slave States, and the North are just as determined that they shall not.* Why is there such a rousing from South Carolina to Louisiana in favour of the independent movement in Cuba? Does any one doubt for a moment that Cuba will eventually throw off the yoke? Does any one doubt that her independence will be recognised by the Federal Government? Does any one doubt that she will finally ask admission into the Union? Does any one doubt that she will be allowed to come in? We can sit with our hands idle in California, but a storm is sure to burst upon our country. Again, what are we to do with the Sandwich Islands? The North want them for a free State. What are we to do with every inch of land around our boarders? So long as the United States have boundaries not identical with those of the continent, so long will the storm impend over her.

Abolitionism is a fire which has been lit in the North. Within the last ten years we have seen it spread to a conflagration, and it never can rest satisfied until Slavery is licked from existence. We are in a lull, not in a settled calm. And while it seems to us that the action of California will make but little difference in the great result, we think the southern counties are, under the circumstances, making a reasonable demand, and one which it is our duty as Republicans to grant.—*San Francisco Sunday Dispatch, Sept.* 14.

WE copy from the *Pennsylvania Freeman* this reply of the Rev. THEODORE PARKER to an invitation to attend the recent anniversary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society:

LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER.

BOSTON, Oct. 7th, 1851.

DEAR FRIEND: Your letter has just reached me. It is too late therefore to obey its call, even if it had been possible for me to do so. I have an engagement, to assist at the dedication of a school house in my native town on Friday, and could not be with you.

It is now a very trying time with us all. It has long been plain, that the two Ideas of America—the Idea of Freedom, and the Idea of Bondage—were entirely incompatible; all attempts to unite them must fail. Peace measures, which seek a compromise between the two, will always turn out measures of war. One of the two must be eradicated. The question is not merely, "Shall there be Slavery in one part of the nation?" but if it is, then the question is, "Shall there be Freedom in the other part?" It is not possible. The South cannot keep Slavery to itself; the North cannot keep Freedom to itself. It will pass over the borders. The events of the last two years have shown to all with half an eye, what was plain enough before to a clear-sighted man, that Slavery must be uprooted from the South, before our Freedom at the North is secure.

A great crisis has now come. The Federal government has openly and publicly declared itself in favour of the idea of Bondage, and hostile to the idea of Freedom. The President is for Slavery; the Cabinet is for Slavery; the Whig Party is for Slavery; the Democrats are for Slavery; the leading merchants, with few, a very few exceptions, are in favour of Slavery; the leading newspapers, political and commercial, are in favour of Slavery; the leading clergymen, as a general thing, have been true to the instinct of their class; have sided with money, sided with power, and with the oppressor against the oppressed. I think there are not ten prominent politicians in the United States, that dare lift up their voice for freedom; I don't know of five prominent clergymen who do so. In Boston whose is most traitorous is honored most. The kidnapper walks unrebuked in our streets; his minister defends the business of stealing men, does it publicly, in the pulpit of Jesus and in the name of God. One of the richest men in the city is said, on good authority, to be the owner of more than a hundred human beings. I think he would be more honoured and respected by his associates if the fact were known. If he should set them all free, he would be honoured less than if he should sell them to-morrow. The great crime of Dr. Palfrey is, that he set free and watched over the fellow men whom his father held in bondage. The sin of Horace Mann is only this, that he loves freedom and hates Slavery. The offence of Charles Sumner is, only that he believes the first principle of the Constitution of Massachusetts, and of the Declaration of Independence. Even in Massachusetts, the seed-field of the Puritans, we have but a few men who dare defend the great principles of Eternal Justice. An attempt has been made to convince the people that there is no law above the declarations of Congress; an attempt to establish Atheism as the first principle of government.

Well, my friend, these are hard times; times of corruption, evil times. "He that serveth the Lord becometh a prey;" yet I think they are glorious times also. I am glad the crisis has come; it will be over all the sooner. The two ideas, the false and the true, are now in open battle; every election is affected by this Anti-Slavery movement; we cannot ignore the question; it is fairly before the people; they see only a little of its extent; the whole will appear in due time. I have no fear for the result. Pennsylvania may recede from the right; even Massachusetts may recede; it will be only for a day; they will both come back to the True and the Right, and give it their hearty approval, their hearty love. God will give it triumph.

I am glad that some black men have been found at last, who have dared to resist violence with powder and ball. They are driven back to the elementary principles of human nature. The law is against them; the Constitution is against them; public opinion is against them, and the kidnapper arms to take their bodies. Men who reverence our fathers for throwing British Tea into Boston Harbour, and shooting to death the British soldiers at Lexington and Bunker Hill, cannot fail to do honour to negroes who repel violence by violence, and shoot the kidnappers. Perhaps you will hang them for treason. I suppose all that the money, all that the talent, all that the corruption of the American Government can do to secure the condemnation of those men, will be done. I shall not be surprised if some of them are hung amidst the huzzas of Democrats and Whigs, and with the blessings of the clergy on the judicial crime. But of old time the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, and the crow who made his meal on the gibbet, was the carrier pigeon who bore glad tidings of great joy to those who waited for the consolation which liberty was appointed to bring. I say I rejoice that a negro has shot a kidnapper. Black men may now hold up their heads before those haughty Caucasians, and say, "You see that we also can fight. The power to kill is not a monopoly of the slave-hunter!" But I deplore violence; let us do without it while we can, forever if we can. I am no non-resistant; yet I am glad the leading Anti-Slavery men are so—that great as is the right of Liberty, they would not shed a drop of blood to achieve it for all mankind; for though I think their doctrines extreme, they are yet nearer right I think than the common notions. Let us have firmness without fight, as long as possible.

I am sorry my friend Garrison cannot go to your Convention. I wish it was possible for me to be there, and speak one word in behalf of the Everlasting Right. As it is I can only give you my hearty good will and earnest desire that your Convention may neither forget its valour nor its discretion—neither its Justice nor its Love.

Truly yours,
THEODORE PARKER.

THE following article from a Southern paper, the (Louisville) *Presbyterian Herald*, contains some valuable information for those devout people among us who hold it a religious duty to send missionaries even to the uttermost ends of the earth to save the perishing souls of the Heathen, and denounce as fanatics, disorganizers, and infidels, those who would do any thing to expose the character of the system producing such a state of things as is described in this article:

OUR BLACK POPULATION.

Can any means more efficacious than those now in operation be adopted for the moral and religious instruction and improvement of our coloured population? is a question of high importance to the church and the nation. That those now in use are inadequate to the wants of this portion of our population, or to the duty of the church, and especially the Presbyterian church, must be admitted by all. What is the religious condition of these people, so far as the Presbyterian church is concerned? Almost nothing has been done for them, although for twenty years the attention of the church has been directed towards them, with considerable interest and feeling on the part of many, both of

cient numbers to be objects of the deepest interest and attention. Their presence gives distinction and peculiar character to a whole section of the land All other political subjects and interests are absorbed in the political one growing out of their presence.

Can any reasonable man, any thoughtful Christian, therefore, for a moment doubt that, in the decrees of Providence, tremendous consequences are connected with this race, to our race, and that their religious improvement is not only a benevolent work, but a duty in which our self-interest is deeply involved? Can any man, with a tincture of Christian feeling and knowledge, fail to perceive that three millions of immortal men, with their countless posterity, were not placed in our midst merely to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, but that great purposes must be providentially connected with their transportation and growth here under such peculiar circumstances? In short, is it not plain that they have been placed among us to be nurtured in our Christian civilization for great ulterior designs? If such purposes exist in the Divine mind, the manner in which we, the white race, perform our part in the relation in which we are placed, is of the last importance to us personally and nationally. If we fulfil the duty appointed to us, doubtless the blessing of Him who ruleth over the nations, and appointeth to them the bounds and limits of their habitations, will rest upon us—if not, what can we expect but "a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation," which shall consume our national existence, and number us among the nations of the earth who have been "weighed in the balances and found wanting?"

No adequate provision has yet been made for the moral, religious, and intellectual instruction of our black population. This, our paramount and national duty, is neglected, not simply by the nation or by men of the world, but by the Christian church, and by no branch of it to so fearful a degree as by the Presbyterian. Our Christian influence upon this population is almost nothing. Few of them attend our ministrations; and if they did, they are not adapted to their wants. Something more must be done than is doing, or a great national duty is neglected, and of course a great national delinquency incurred. Something more must be done, or a fearful responsibility will rest upon the Presbyterian Church, which ought to be foremost in the performance of this national obligation, and which is foremost in its feelings of interest in this race. But we must not only feel—we must act. We must not only "say," but "do."

What, then, is necessary to be done? Is there any existing agency sufficient to meet the demand? There is not, as every one is obliged to acknowledge. Whatever is the cause, the blacks do not and will not attend the services of our church. They do not generally attend the services of any denomination. Vast multitudes live and die almost in total ignorance of the Christian religion! In the midst of a Christian population, with "the Sun of Righteousness" shining in full-orbed splendour around them, they "sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death."

It is evident that some instrumentality more potent than now operates must be brought into exercise. A fact generally known suggests what it must be. It is observable that the blacks are ever ready to attend religious services performed by one of their own colour. Whatever be the reason of this fact, it is undoubted—that while they will not, in any considerable numbers, attend the instructions of a white minister, though the service be expressly appointed for them, they will flock to hear the preaching of one of their own colour, however ill qualified to instruct them. We say this is the undoubted, indisputable fact, whatever may be the reasons for its existence. Doubtless the reasons for it are as "plenty as blackberries;" but as the fact will not be questioned, the causes of it may be passed unnoticed. They, however, it may be remarked, lie sufficiently deep in human nature and the relation of things to produce permanent effects. They are not likely to cease to operate soon, if ever.

The blacks will and do attend Christian service performed by one of their own colour. They attend in flocks—they have a strong religious tendency. They are susceptible of deep religious impressions, and, under suitable and adequate religious instruction, would doubtless yield abundantly the fruits of Christian knowledge. Indeed the writer of this article believes, that observation on the peculiar traits of the African character suggests strongly, that it is among this race the Christian religion is to have its fullest development, and exhibit its highest triumphs.

We repeat the fact, our black populations will and do, willingly, perseveringly, and in crowds, attend religious instruction by coloured teachers. Here, then, the instrumentality is to be found which must be used to elevate them in moral and religious knowledge. We are not unaware that strong prejudices exist against "negro preachers," and that many still start back with aversion at the idea of fostering their instructions. It would be a sufficient reply to the objections of such persons, that coloured preachers now exist in numbers, and will continue to exist, and that it would be wise on the part of the whites to take them under their patronage, and endeavour to improve their qualifications. This doubtless would be a wise policy. *But we maintain that a coloured ministry* is the only adequate instrument to meet the religious wants of the coloured population, and likely ever to elevate them to an equality with the whites in religious knowledge, and to fulfil that "manifest destiny" for which Providence has placed them in our midst. Such a coloured ministry it is then the duty of the church to provide. Such an alteration should be made in the discipline of the Presbyterian church, as to admit of an order of coloured ministers both from the slaves and free, and proper efforts should be made to educate and qualify, to an adequate extent, such a class of preachers.

We know that we shall startle the prejudices of many—that many will stare at the suggestion; but we know also that this, or something very like it, is imperatively demanded by the condition of this class of our population, and the relations we sustain to it. Nor is the proposition so novel as it may seem. Ordained coloured ministers exist, we believe, in the Methodist and Baptist churches, and why should not such an order exist in the Presbyterian church?—With a proper training, such as our church could and would give, Christian ministration by black men might be rescued from its present opprobrium, and be made to be a mighty blessing to both races, and an honour to the cause of Christ. It would be preferable that such a ministry should be raised up from the *slave* part of the coloured population, and it is believed that there are many Christian masters who would prepare Christian youth among their servants, when called upon by the authority of the church to do so, for the glorious work of instructing their fellow servants in "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Under an adequately prepared coloured ministry, what a mighty change might be produced, in another generation, among our African population! What a glorious band of missionaries would be raised up to colonise and Christianize Africa! What a blessing would follow to our race! We might then look for the benediction of Heaven to rest upon our country, and to turn this now wide-spread and giant evil—the presence of a foreign and alien race, numbering millions, in our midst—into a blessing to us, to them, and to the world.

It is a matter of high gratification to know that the subject presented in this article has been under the consideration of one of our Presbyteries, and will be brought before the Synod of Kentucky, and ultimately the General Assembly, under favourable auspices. J.

TESTIMONY AGAINST SLAVEHOLDING.

It is generally understood that the first African slaves imported into the country, now composing the United States, consisted of a cargo of twenty, carried into James's river, by a Dutch vessel, in 1620. The situation of the country, covered, in great part of it then was, with its native forests, created large demands for labour; and the practice of purchasing and holding slaves, seems to have been fallen into without much reflection. The first importation occurred about four years before George Fox was born; and, consequently, almost thirty before the Society of Friends was known. When the doctrines of the Society were acknowledged, and embraced in various parts of North America, negro Slavery was already planted there, and it is probable that, among the new converts, numbers were in possession of slaves. Amidst the wants and privations of a newly settled country, labour was unquestionably the general lot; and the distinction between the conditions of masters and slaves, was therefore less strongly marked than in later times. Little was known respecting the means by which the slaves imported into this land were obtained in their own. It was probably believed, and, perhaps, in some cases correctly, that the condition of the negroes was rather improved than deteriorated, by a transfer to the fertile farms of the western world. Hence it is not surprising that many of the converts to Quakerism should continue to hold possession of their slaves; and that the practice of holding them should become common. The subject seems to have engaged but little attention from Friends, on this continent, during the time of George Fox. And this is readily accounted for on the supposition that the Slavery, then existing here, had not then assumed a very oppressive character. But, in the West Indian Islands, where Slavery was more predominant, the evils of the system were more clearly and forcibly marked; and he subject arrested the feeling and discriminating mind of George Fox, when he visited Barbadoes, in 1671. He then advised Friends of that Island to treat their slaves with kindness, "and that, after certain years of servitude, they should make them free." He also gave his judgment, that when released from servitude they should not be sent away empty. Thus he recommended the adoption of the principle laid down in the Mosaic code;* and furnished a germ, which was long afterwards more fully unfolded, in the compensation allowed to emancipated slaves, for services performed after attaining the usual age of freedom.

The first notice, taken in a Society capacity, appears to have originated among the German Friends who settled in Pennsylvania, not far from Philadelphia. They brought the subject before the Yearly Meeting in 1688, but that body declined giving a positive judgment upon it. Eight years afterwards the same Yearly Meeting of Pennsylvania, issued advice to its members not to encourage further importations of negroes, and to attend to the moral and religious improvement of those then in their possession. The subject of importing and holding slaves appears to have engaged the consideration of that Meeting, at intervals, for several years, before it was taken up in any other, on either side of the Atlantic.

Until the year 1714, I do not find that any Friend had appeared, as an author, expressly condemning the Slavery of the African race; but a pamphlet, a mutilated copy of which lies before me, seems in that year to have been given to the public. The preface, dated New Jersey, First month, 1714, is signed John Hepburn. This was probably the earliest production of the kind from the pen of a Friend. Essays on the same subject, by William Burling, of Long Island, and by Ralph Sandiford, of Philadelphia, appeared soon afterwards; the former in 1718, and the latter in 1729. A pamphlet of 24 pages, entitled "A Testimony against the Anti-Christian Practice of making Slaves of Men," by Elihu Coleman, of Nantucket, a minister in the Society of Friends, was published in 1733. The Legislature of Massachusetts had, previously to that time, made several efforts to prevent the importation of slaves into the province, but without success. Though Slavery was tolerated by the laws of the province, and by the Discipline of Friends, when this pamphlet was written, the pious author lived to see Slavery extinguished in the State of Massachusetts: and banished from the Religious Society to which he belonged.—*Friends' Review.*

* Deut. 15 : 14.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1851.

OUR PLAN.

The question is often asked of the Abolitionists, what is your plan? How do you expect to do anything in the direction of Emancipation? We might answer in the words of the epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Pauls, "*si monumentum requiras, circumspice!*" If you want to know what we have done, what we are doing, and what we propose yet to do, open your eyes and look about you. The great virtue of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise is that it has no *plan*. Or, at least, if its mighty maze be not without a plan, it is not what the wise and statesmanlike men of this world call such. Our plan, from the beginning, has been to effect the change in the opinions and feelings of the individuals that make up the nation, which must precede any change of their institutions. Our warfare is with the Ideas of the Nation, being well assured that as soon as we can overcome them, there will be no lack of wise and statesmanlike men to rearrange them into the outward forms which will have become inevitable. As long as the American people believe Slavery to be a good thing, or an evil thing for which they were not accountable, or, at all events, as a thing, good or evil, which conduces to their greatness and prosperity, it is plain that there is no likelihood of their setting themselves about destroying it. Our business, then, is to disturb the quietude into which the general mind has settled itself upon this subject and to show how fatal are the moral and political errors upon which they have built up their social and political institutions.

Well, and what has been our success? *Circumspice!* Look around you and see for yourselves. Twenty years ago the public opinion of the whole country was comfortably made up to think nothing about Slavery, excepting that it was something that could not be helped and that nobody was to be blamed for. Whatever political divisions there might be between parties, or between different sections of the country, Slavery made no part in them. All agreed in passing by on the other side, if not in wounding afresh the prostrate body of him who had fallen among thieves. In the excitement which shook the country during the contest between Adams and Jackson for the Presidency, who ever heard anything about the Slaves or the disturbance which Slavery caused in the machinery of government? At the time of Nullification, was the integrity of the Slave System one of the causes which provoked the Chivalry of South Carolina to appeal to Arms and to the God of Battles? Nothing was heard of it. Nobody was disposed to meddle with it. Or nobody but an obscure handful of fanatics, chiefly confined to Massachusetts, the most notorious of whom, the Mayor of Boston (the Hon. H. G. Otis), though searching diligently and going about like Diogenes with a lantern, and with the assistance of all the police to boot, could scarcely find. A quarter of a century before, when Slavery impudently thrust Louisiana into the company of the States, and a dozen years before when, with even more brazen assurance it bullied us out of the South Western Territory, there seemed to be some sense left of the encroaching and grasping nature of Slavery, and some spirit to attempt resistance to it. But Slavery was triumphant in both cases, and it seemed as if it was acknowledged Sovereign Lord and Absolute Master of the whole land.

How stands the case now? Does Slavery feel as safe as it did then? Though ever insolent, it is, at least, not the insolence of contempt that it now shows towards us. In those days the subject was never moved in Congress. The chief presses were silent upon it as the grave. The pulpits were busy in their peculiar work of saving souls. The paramount duty of catching negroes had not then been revealed. The feet of those that brought the glad tidings of that great joy were not yet beautiful upon the mountains. The laws as they had existed for forty years were deemed all sufficient for the protection of Slavery. Even when the persistency of the Abolitionists had avowed the zeal of the counting houses and work-shops of the North to rally about the darling institution of their Southern customers, and Garrison was mobbed and Thompson driven out of the country, the South professed to be satisfied with the loyalty of the North and to regard itself as safe in its brother's keeping. But those halcyon days are past. The continual dropping of the Abolitionists told at last even on the stone of the Northern heart. The echoes of the North and West were heard in the Capitol. Anti-Slavery could no longer be kept out of Congress. It presented itself, with its credentials in its hand, and insisted upon being heard. Though its seat was vehemently contested, it prevailed, and has been for many sessions the most prominent and loudest member of Congress. Even during the last session, when it had been gagged and its tongue bored through with a hot iron, its very silence was more eloquent than the loudest phrase, and provoked even more and wider discussion than had followed its freest speech.

And for further jewels of our crown have we not Texas, and the Mexican War, and California, which the accident of the gold discovery, which filled it with a New England population, saved from the talons of Slavery, and New Mexico where Slaves are pouring in in shameful disregard both of "physical geography" and of "Oriental scenery," and Utah, of which the Saints of the Latter Day hold the key, and have no objections which may not be overcome to turn it for the entrance of Slavery? And is there not Cuba close at hand? And the Republic of the Sierra Madre in due training for Reannexation. And as the round and top of all, have we not the Fugitive Slave Law and the New Doctrine of Treason? What has made all these things necessary excepting the existence and efforts of the Anti-Slavery Movement? The hearts of the Slaveholders were no softer twenty-five years ago than they are now. They clung to the system which gave them the political control of the whole country as desperately then as now. The State of the Northern mind is certainly no worse than it was then. Even the miserable tools of the tyrant, who either made the accursed law at Washington or carry it into effect at home, were no worse and no better then than now. But the Anti-Slavery agitation has applied the test to all manner of men, and proved them, whether they were true gold or dross. It has worked no alchemic change in the character of the metal itself. The South felt itself in danger, and therefore sought to surround itself with these new outworks. It is the sense of danger and not of security that builds fortifications and extends lines of defence. The North, not yet ready for an effectual resistance of the power that rules over it, made believe befrightened at the buggaboo. Mr. Webster tricked it out, that so it might postpone that inevitable day, and so the South had its way again.

Our plan has thus far worked exactly as we expected in all material things. We always believed that the South would be aroused by the movement of this question to that madness that goes before destruction. Perhaps we could hardly have imagined the diabolical impudence of the Fugitive Bill or the infernal absurdity of Judge Kane's Law. But that the evil spirit would cry aloud and rend us before it departed from us, we always believed. What has been gained by the Fugitive Bill? One slave dragged back from Boston, against all law, over the prostrate institutions of Massachusetts; two from New York; two or three from Buffalo; and three or four from Philadelphia. We do not take into the account those carried back from the Free States along the line of Slavery, for slaves have always been recovered in that debateable land. But in the parts of the country where fugitives have been considered safe, these cases make up about the sum of the triumphs of the Fugitive Law. And as an offset, we have the Rescue of Shadrach, the battle of Christiana and the storming of the Syracuse barracoon. How stands the Agitation account? On which side of Profit and Loss is the balance? This Agitation is "the Plan" of the Abolitionists, and we have to thank Mr. Webster and the Slave-catching Judges and Commissioners and their whole tribe for the help they have given us at their own charges. Whigs, Democrats and Free Soilers are busy doing our work. It is our business to keep them at it, and in due process of time out of the chaos of conflicting passions and opinions the New Polity will take unto itself shape and substance.—E. Q.

ANTHONY SHERMAN.

Within the last week the name of Anthony Sherman has headed editorial notices and long statements in several of our morning papers. The name is a good name, and has a sort of Puritanical twang to it, as if it were born and brought up in Massachusetts or Connecticut, and had sat for the last two centuries in the high-backed pew of a New England Meeting House, and had a from firstly to twenty-fourthly hurled at it from under the old-fashioned sounding-board of a New England pulpit twice a week, at least, ever since the landing of the May Flower.

Anthony Sherman—Anthony Sherman—it may be a foolish fancy, but the name comes over us like one of those puzzling memories which we are sure is nothing remembered in this world, and which fanciful people refer to some former state of existence. Had we any faith in such a fancy, we should be certain that we had known some of the Anthony Shermans a hundred or two years ago, when we both wore cocked hats and leather knee-breeches, and carried our rifles to Church to be ready for any sudden inroad of the Savages; when we should have deemed our minister tainted with some foul heresy if his long prayer was short of an hour, or his sermon less than two; when we should have mourned over our own light-mindedness had we smiled oftener than once a week, and have been in dread of eternal damnation had we indulged in ever so grim a joke more than once in a twelvemonth, and that at any other time than the Annual Thanksgiving; when our children were brought up in the fear of God with the fear of good hickory saplings, and heresies and all free thinking were brought to a wholesome termination at the stocks and the whipping-post; when, in short, the Lord visibly reigned in all our New England Churches; when our bag and our store were growing heavier and heavier in a new and pleasant land, those children of the Evil One, the Indians, and all other vermin were gradually disappearing by the blessing of God and our good rifles, and our colony was beginning a profitable trade, and gaining good farm hands in the African Heathen. Anthony Sherman—Anthony Sherman—surely the child has been baptised in that name, and the old man buried in it, when we were by, and knew all about it, or there is no trusting in these pre-existent memories. But who is the present Anthony Sherman? One J. Morris Pease, an agent of the American Colonisation Society, tells us in the morning papers. He, Sherman, is no old puritan, nor son of a puritan, but a slave. He is, it seems, no ordinary man; so Pease says. "He is a slave," says the agent, "an intelligent industrious, Christian man, about 40 years old, and valued at $1,500."

We must pause a moment at this climax. Viewing it rhetorically, we have no fault to find with it, for, taking Mr Pease's stand-point, and looking at a man as most valuable for what he will bring in good, bankable money, the climax is without fault. With that view, even the mention of his age adds to its beauty. For observe, he is "about 40 years old." Now, were Anthony Sherman only half that age, or ten years younger, he would be too young; and were he ten or twenty, or even five years older, he would be too old. At twenty, a youth has not fairly reached man's estate; at thirty, he is not quite yet in his prime. But at forty-five, or fifty, or, still more, at sixty, he has passed his meridian; the sun of his strength and manhood is on the decline. It is "about 40" that his intelligence, his industry, even his Christian virtues, may be looked to as richest and ripest; and then comes, as a natural and inevitable consequence, to cap the climax—"is valued at $1,500." It is well to be intelligent, better to be industrious, better still to be a Christian man, and especially at the age of "about 40 years;" but "to be valued at $1,500!" Think of that! says Pease.

But suppose we turn it up-side-down, and look at it in that position. The climax still defies criticism. He "is valued at $1,500." That is Anthony Sherman's—how the old pilgrim name fills the mouth!—first value. Then he is "about 40;" that is his second best quality. And observe, good reader, how careful a man is Mr. Pease; first the price, then the age of the article, and the other good qualities come in their order according to their value. What is next most wanted in a slave? what goes, next to age, to raise the climacteric value of $1,500? A "Christian man!" To be sure, Oh Pease! Such Christians as slaves are—contented, long-suffering, meek, forgiving, prayer-full, asking never for any thing worse than camp-meeting, and the freedom of the Gospel, as slaveholders teach it—and never rampant with the boast of liberty, never longing to shake off the shackles, never defying the right and the power to make him a slave—*this* sort of religion, this 'obedience unto masters,' which slaveholders love to teach their slaves, and to have their slaves accept, is a good marketable commodity, and can be reckoned to a penny at its money value. And after this comes industry, for that is a thing that grows up with the wales on the back under the whip, and therefore of less worth; but last of all, and least of all, a thing, indeed, that there had better be none rather than too much of, is intelligence. Intelligence! What does a slave want of that? He can be about 40 without it; he can be industrious without it; he can be valued at $1,500 without it. Is it not enough that the master should be intelligent? He is the head, the servant the hand only. Need the hand think? Need it even feel? It needs only nerves from the head, and the power to be obedient when acted upon; if it has more, it will repine at Slavery; it will want wages; it will want education; it will refuse to work; it will be sulky; it will run away. No! if it has any intelligence, let it be, like its religion; only enough to make it a better slave; more than that is valueless; worse than that, it is dangerous. Mr. Pease—who evidently knows what he is talking about—would not, probably, have mentioned so doubtful a quality at all, only that the slave is for sale in a Northern market.

But who is Anthony Sherman, for thus far we have only told what he is? Anthony Sherman, then, has not only the misfortune to be a slave, but, as if that were not hard enough, he is also a proposed victim to the Colonisation Society. It is proposed to send him to Liberia, and his good mistress consents to part with him, for a consideration, for that purpose. He has, it seems, a wife and children and a mother-in-law, all free, and they are represented as desirous of going to Liberia, if the son, husband, and father, can, be permitted to go with them. The truth probably is that, for the sake of his escape from Slavery, they are willing to suffer exile, and to face death and starvation in Africa. But Anthony's mistress is a "kind hearted mistress," Mr. Pease says, and, on condition of his going into banishment with his family, agrees to release her claim to him for $550. We confess a painful doubt here as to the first virtue of Anthony's character—the "valued at $1500." Perhaps Mr. Pease reckons according to the market value of men recently established in this city, and that the value of $550, which Mrs. Patton puts upon Anthony, is all that he would bring in Savannah. There, perhaps, the list of his virtues would be reversed, and that he is a Christian, first, next industrious, and then intelligent. But that his intelligence is too great, we may presume, for Mr. Pease says he "is almost crazy to know what is to be the fate of himself and family;" that he is industrious we know, for he pays Mrs. Patton fifteen dollars per month for the privilege of retaining the balance of his wages; but that he is a member of the same church with his mistress—who is proposing therefore to sell her brother in Christ Jesus—if an evidence of his piety at all, rather inclines us to suspect that his understanding of Christianity is such that it is quite desirable to sell him to go where, at least, it will do no mischief.

At any rate, Anthony Sherman has our good wishes, whether or not he be, as his name leads us to suspect, the descendant of good Puritan stock transplanted to Georgia. We wish he might be free without being exiled, but though a little shocked at one Church member offering a brother of the same Church for sale in this city, we shall be glad to hear that our slave-catching contemporary of the *Journal of Commerce* has been able to raise money enough to release Anthony from Mrs. Patton, and give him even, with a hard condition, to his wife and children.

MR. SCOBLE AT BROOKLYN.

You have mentioned me as the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society; but I do not appear in an official character at present. I have come to this country for the purposes of health and recreation. It is true, I have connected with the object of my journey subjects which have always interested me. I would also state that an eloquent and able countryman of mine has lately visited this country, and I understand he came hither not for the purpose of appearing as the advocate of emancipation, from the Anti-Slavery Society of Great Britain, but rather for private objects. Many things have occurred which make me say, that he did not come here as the representative of that society, nor as the exponent of its views with respect to Slavery here. His name is well known to you all—Hon. George Thompson.

I feel that it is necessary I should make this statement, lest it should be considered that the great body of Abolitionists sympathize with him in the views he expressed here. Such is not the case with respect to the relation in which the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society stands to the general question of abolition throughout the world, and with respect to the special relations it sustains to Anti-Slavery organization in this country.

In the first place, then, we are associated with the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, with which we sympathize as to principle, object and means of action. We sympathize in those great political movements taking place in this country, which have for their object the circumscription of Slavery. I allude to the liberty and free soil parties, so far as they confine their movements to the abolition of Slavery in the United States. It will be understood, from what I have said, that the position I occupy is a personal one, and that the society to which I belong sympathizes with all the great movements taking place in this country with a view to the overthrow of Slavery. I shall now broach some of those topics to which my attention has been directed, and shall endeavour to present them, although numerous, as clearly as I can, to the understanding of this audience. First, with respect to what the Abolitionists of Great Britain have done.

It was thus that Mr. Scoble introduced himself to his audience at Brooklyn. Since the appearance of our last number, Mr. Lewis Tappan has denied that he had any thing to do with the publications which we made the basis of our article in that paper, and we willingly make this correction of what he deems an "injustice," at the same time that we remark that he justifies our strictures upon Mr. Scoble by repelling as an unjust imputation that he (Mr. T.) could have participated in such an act as that which we charged. But that Mr. Scoble himself was consenting to or cognizant of the preparatory notices of his lecture, is, we hold, very sufficiently indicated by these opening remarks in the lecture itself. That he should have asked his audience to accept him because they might repudiate George Thompson, at the same time that he would give them a reason for that repudiation, is not, bad as it is, the worst feature of this introduction.

If Mrs Opie did not include, she might very properly have included in her category of Lies, the Lie by Implication. If Mr. Scoble knew anything of his audience—and it is not to be presumed that he is ignorant of the position of the Anti-Slavery question in this country—he very well knew that they were not familiar with divisions that have taken place among Abolitionists both here and in Great Britain. Taking advantage of that ignorance, he arrogantly assumes that there are no Abolitionists in his own country except those represented by the British and Foreign Society. He knows this to be untrue; he knows that there is a large class of persons there, and among them many who were active in bringing about the great act of West India Emancipation, who have no respect for, and no connection with, that Society. But granting, for the sake of argument, that he might properly assume, with his views, that such persons are not Abolitionists, and so escape the imputation of intended falsehood, he can make no such plea for his reference to Mr. Thompson. He knew that probably not one of his audience had ever supposed that Mr. Thompson represented himself to be a delegate from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. He knew that if any such supposition existed, it was altogether erroneous, and that if he referred to it at all he could only honestly do so to correct it. But taking for granted that the supposition which he knows to be false exists, he proceeds to justify it by asserting the supposition itself to be unfounded. He creates the falsehood by assuming its existence, and makes it his own in coming forward to contradict it. If there be one thing more than another which he could positively declare to be true of George Thompson, it is that that gentleman would, for no consideration whatever, consent to appear as the Representative of the British and Foreign Society; that he has not for years acted with it; and that he altogether repudiates it as both false and imbecile. But it suited Mr. Scoble's purpose to impose upon an audience ignorant of the facts that which is in itself a calumny, that he might calumniate Mr. Thompson the more surely, at the same time that he commended himself where he presumed his authority would be gladly welcomed for a pro-slavery prejudice.

The only favourable construction that can be put upon this act of Mr. Scoble's—of creating a fiction for the purpose of contradicting it—is that he sincerely hoped to aid the cause of Anti-Slavery by relieving it of the weight of Mr. Thompson's unpopularity and throwing that upon Mr. Thompson himself. The revulsion, he might calculate, would be so great in the popular mind, on finding its absurd and wicked prejudice justified on such authority as his, that people would forget the real object of their hatred and open their willing ears to the Gospel of Anti-Slavery. Will he venture to enter this plea? It is said that most men would rather be detected as knaves than exposed as fools, and we doubt if he would be gratified at a defence of his honesty which would render necessary a confession, on his part, of a supposed superiority to Mr. Thompson which could have no other foundation than the most ridiculous and laughable vanity. It is impossible, therefore, to conceive of any other motive on the part of Mr. Scoble, but a determination to deepen and intensify the prejudice against his distinguished countryman, to strengthen also that which exists against the American Anti-Slavery Society, and to recommend himself by such means, to popular favour among Pro-Slavery people. It must have occurred to him that he could not, by such a course, but injure the Anti-Slavery Cause. Possibly he regretted that as a misfortune; he certainly did not choose to avert it by foregoing the gratification of his personal pique, of his attachment to a bigoted sectarism, and of his personal vanity. Is this, a stranger might ask, the spirit of Abolitionism? Is it that which has mainly governed Mr. Scoble in his Anti-Slavery relations for a dozen years past.

He was not unmindful, however, that in censuring an Englishman, who had ventured to call this people to account because of their persistence in national crime—positively the sole charge brought against Mr. Thompson—he was pronouncing his own condemnation. It was therefore that he dealt in general terms. He did not venture to take exception to any particular act, or any particular form of expression of Mr. Thompson, because to have done so would have been to acknowledge that the question of Slavery was one which could not properly be meddled with at all, and especially by an Englishman. For nobody knows better than he that it is not the manner with which Mr. Thompson dealt with his subject; that was rarely complained of; but that he should meddle with it at all. He was feared, and hated because his arguments and his eloquence were irresistible; because his method was unexceptionable; because he could neither be answered nor found fault with; because with him it was impossible to get up any false issues; because the one great and monstrous sin of this people was, by him, always and continually held up before their eyes, and made so to glare upon them made so hideous in their sight, that they must needs hate it, or him that convicted them of such great guilt. No man has ever more perfectly embodied the idea of Anti-Slavery; what he aimed at is precisely what all true Anti-Slavery effort ever aims at; his method is precisely that which the cause, to be successful, must naturally and inevitably take; and his fate is precisely that which awaits all Anti-Slavery, where its antagonist exists,—to be both hated and feared. It was impossible, therefore, that Mr. Scoble could do anything but exactly that which he did do.

And that was to deny that George Thompson was an Abolitionist at all! Anti-Slavery in England, is the British and Foreign Society, says its Secretary, and Mr. Thompson is not its representative. Hate him as you please; distrust him as you please; mob him as you please; he is no preacher of Anti-Slavery. It is I, John Scoble, who am the Apostle of that Gospel, and I shall prophecy to you smooth things and pleasant, and not harsh things, and things hard to hear and to bear.

Is it necessary for us to stop to characterise such Anti-Slavery as that?

Mr, Scoble knew he might say what he pleased of England, for there were few in his Brooklyn audience who could deny or confirm his statements. But he had yet to dispose of Anti-Slavery in America. There must be, he knew, some sort of vague notion in his audience that there were such people as Abolitionists in this country; that they had done, and were doing, something—a very great something, they would conclude, when they reflected what this Slavery question now is in the land. And what was George Thompson to these? What he hi nself is, Mr. Scoble declares, Mr. Thompson is not, and that he hopes will answer all impertinent questions. '*I* am the Representative of the British and Foreign; *I* sympathize with the American and Foreign, and also with the Free Soil and Liberty parties. Mr. Thompson stands not with me in the first position; neither can he in the two last. He is not an Abolitionist at home; neither is he abroad. In him you see a false prophet. In me, the true vine.'

A question or two before that Brooklyn audience would have put Mr. Scoble in a very awkward position. But as we were not there, and they are not before us now, it is hardly worth while even to suggest them. Mr. Scoble, however, might have included within the circle of his sympathies the Colonization Society also, as the principles which he has been advocating in his recent public labours in this country,—we have the authority of Frederick Douglass for saying so,—are identical with those of that Society. Nor does that differ more widely from those which he honoured with his avowed approval, than they do from each other. The Liberty Party, for instance is not only an Anti-Slavery party, but it affirms the United States Constitution to be Anti-Slavery also, and through it they would, if they could, abolish Slavery in all the States. The Free Soil party, on the other hand, not only recognises the Compromises of the Constitution, but avows its determination to abide by them, and declares that it has no right or intention to interfere with Slavery where it is already established. Yet Mr. Scoble is in unity with both these political parties of opposite purposes; nay, he sympathizes, also, with the American and Foreign Society which is without any purpose at all, for the excellent reason that, except in name, it is without an existence. Our friends of the Liberty and Free Soil parties may accept, if they please, the praise of this defamer of George Thompson, but the American Anti-Slavery Society, though making with its auxiliaries, an annual expenditure, from year to year, of from eighteen to twenty thousand dollars, would quite as lief that its very existence should be ignored by Mr. Scoble, as that it should come within the embrace of an Anti-Slavery sympathy of such easy virtue.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

The following expression of feeling from the Bristol and Clifton (England) Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society on the occasion of a recent visit of Mrs. Chapman and her sisters to the city of Bristol, was adopted at a meeting of the Society held on the 2d of October:

We embrace the earliest occasion of our assembling together, after the departure of Mrs. Chapman and the Miss Westons from Bristol, to express the high gratification we have derived from forming their personal acquaintance, and our deep sense of obligation to them for the valuable information they have imparted to us respecting the history and progress of the Abolition Movement in the United States, the difficulties with which those engaged in it have to contend, the course pursued by its prominent advocates, and the principles, aims and spirit in which their sacred enterprise is conducted. We desire to convey to Mrs. Chapman and her sisters, the assurance, the intercourse it has been our privilege to hold with them has greatly strengthened the confidence, affection and respect with which we regard themselves and their devoted fellow-labourers; that, instructed by their words, and animated by their example, we trust, with the Divine blessing, to dedicate ourselves with fresh zeal to the great conflict for freedom; and we hereby renew our offering of sympathy and co-operation with the 'American Anti-Slavery Society,' in their holy work of rescuing their country from the blighting influences which Slavery now casts over all its political, social, and religious institutions.

We copy from the *Bristol Examiner* the following Report of an Address adopted by a Church in that city and forwarded for circulation in this country:

The Congregational Church assembling in Coopers' Hall, King Street, Bristol, England, to all in the United States of America who hold that Slavery is a sin, and treat it accordingly. Friends of humanity.—We have looked with painful interest upon the warfare in in which you are are engaged with the crime stained system of Slavery, and are constrained to utter a few words of sympathy and encouragement. Human language but feebly expresses our deep abhorrence of the system, and of the baseness of the men who, professing discipleship to Him whose mission was to 'proclaim liberty to the captive,' attempt to justify from the Book of God the maintenance of such an accursed institution. Your land is self-styled the land of liberty. But will the nations believe it while Slavery prevails? Your own public papers disclose the daily perpetration of crimes against the weak and defenceless, which prove that no nation on earth, save our own, has sunk so low in the scale of humanity. To call your land, then, a land of liberty, is a wrong done to liberty itself. We desire not to boast of our own institutions, whether civil, social, or religious, but we thank God they are not so nationally degraded as to hold property in God's image, by chattelizing our brother. To us it is a distressing and alarming fact that fifteen out of the thirty-one states composing your confederacy are stained with the foul blot of Slavery—a crime, whose baneful influences have even penetrated the sacred precincts of the sanctuary. We look to the so-called Church of Christ in America, and find its members holding 660,563 fellow-men in bondage,—content to bear reproach for the sake of unrighteous gain. But we can yet hope for America. We rejoice to know that there is a noble band who have come out from her degenerate community—have separated themselves from the slave-power—have refused the price of blood—and taken side with the down-trodden and oppressed. And such are you; and as such, we regard you the representatives of Christianity. Maligned you may be, but you are dreaded; despised, but faithful to your Master, your strength is the majesty of truth. Go forward, nor bate one jot of heart or hope. 'The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.' We rejoice with you, brethren, in the success that has already marked your course: herein God has blessed you. But further efforts to purify your country from the sin and shame of making a chattel of man, are demanded. We would encourage you—we would urge upon you the importance of bringing your influence, as Christians, and as citizens, to bear upon the political and social arrangements of your country, that this cruel crime may be speedily forsaken, and that America may justify the fond hopes of the oppressed of every land, as the friend of human rights and freedom. We assure you, brethren, of our warmest sympathies and earnest prayers; and in expressing ourselves thus, we feel that we are but uttering the sentiments of the great body of British Christians: an evidence of which you have already seen in the numerous declarations—in which we now formally join—that, as a church, we could not give the hand of fellowship to a supporter of Slavery, nor could we accept the ministration of any Teacher whose voice is not lifted up in behalf of the Slave—(Signed in behalf of the Church by the Minister and Deacons).

WHIGISM IN NEW YORK.

At the Whig Ratification Meeting held, in this city, last week, the following Resolutions were adopted as the platform of their party, so far as the question of Slavery is concerned, and which, though they did not cause the defeat which, doubtless, they have, ere this, experienced, would certainly warrant it if there were any other party here one whit better. The Resolutions were offered by Mr. Erastus Brooks, as Chairman of the Business Committee, and are quite worthy of the man who threatens to punish the rescue of a slave by repealing the duty on salt:

Resolved, That the Whig Party is a Union loving, Constitution abiding, Law-maintaining party. That its devotion to the Union is founded upon the blessings of a free and equal Government, its attachment to the Constitution upon the rights and privileges guaranteed in that Constitution to the People, the States and the Federal Government, each in their appropriate spheres of action, its respect for the laws of the land, in the regard it has ever held for the priceless blessing of a government where liberty is regulated by order, and where all men are to be held legally and personally responsible for the violation of private rights and established law.

Resolved, That the Whig party of New York claims for itself and recognises for others all the Compromises of the Constitution, and that it looks to that instrument as the great moral Sun of our political system to which all true men of the country are attracted, and around which people and States revolve in one harmonious system of a united, free and independent Government, and therefore, That no true Whig will ever seek to destroy or weaken any provision in the Constitution of his country, or shrink from the performance of any duty required of him in the Constitution, or disobey any law which has been framed in pursuance of its provisions.

Resolved, That the six propositions introduced by Henry Clay into the United States Senate, May 8, 1850, and which were subsequently embodied in the six Compromise Acts, now laws of the land;

1. The admission of California into the Union with the boundaries proposed;
2. The establishment of a Territorial Government for New Mexico;
3. The establishment of a Territorial Government for Utah;
4. The establishment of the Western and Northern Boundary of Texas, and the exclusion from her jurisdiction of all New Mexico, with the grant to Texas of a pecuniary equivalent;
5. More effectual enactments of law to secure the prompt delivery of persons bound to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, who escape into another State;
6. Prohibiting the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia; are, as the President of the United States has said in his Annual Message to Congress, "to be regarded a settlement, in principle and substance a final settlement, of the dangerous and exciting subjects which they embrace"—and that it becomes Whigs everywhere to respect, obey and maintain these several enactments.

Resolved, That the Whigs of New York city hail with pleasure the reunion of the Whig party upon the basis of the Albany Resol

THE PENNSYLVANIA FREEMAN.—The last number but one of our Pennsylvania coadjutor contained a valedictory address of C. M. BURLEIGH, who has been its editor for several years past, much to the satisfaction, we understand, of the Committee of the Pennsylvania Society, and of the readers of the *Freeman* generally. Mr. Burleigh now, however, changes the field of his labours to devote himself to lecturing, and OLIVER JOHNSON has taken the vacant editoral chair of the *Freeman*, which, if he does not fill to the satisfaction of every body, will, we are sure, be their misfortune rather than his fault. In the last No. of the paper he thus addresses his readers:

THE EDITOR TO THE READERS.

The readers of *The Pennsylvania Freeman* were last week informed that it would be immediately placed under the care of a new Editor; but my friend Burleigh inadvertently omitted to tell them who had been appointed as his successor, thereby subjecting me to the necessity of introducing myself. Except, however, for the gratification of a very natural curiosity on the part of the readers aforesaid, there was no need of any formal introduction, and I am, on the whole, glad that my advent is so entirely unceremonious. Those who were present at the recent Anniversary were fully informed of the impending change; and if to others my appearance is a surprise, I hope it will not be an unwelcome one. Identified, as I have been, with the Anti-Slavery Movement from its very beginning, I can never feel myself a stranger among Abolitionists of any locality—certainly not among those of Pennsylvania, where my first labours as an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society were performed, and where I have at various times received so many tokens of kindness and confidence.

Having aided by my presence and co-operation in the formation of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, I come now, after the lapse of fifteen most eventful years, to serve that Society in a position which, while it affords opportunity for great usefulness, involves also very high responsibility. That responsibility I deeply feel, and if I were not sure of the generous sympathy and hearty co-operation of those with whom I am to be associated, my courage would fail me at the threshold. Assured of such aid, confident of the goodness of the cause, and trusting implicitly in the promises of the God of Freedom and Truth, I enter upon the discharge of my duties in a sanguine and hopeful spirit.

The occasion calls for no elaborate declaration of principles, still less does it require any parade of promises and professions; for, in respect to the former, a change of Editors involves nothing that is new, while the latter are ever offensive to those who know how to judge the tree by its fruit. The *Freeman* is the organ of a Society with whose principles all its readers are familiar. Its character has been formed, its reputation established, by my predecessors, into whose labours it is my privilege to enter. It is enough, therefore, for me to say, that the principles of which it has heretofore been so able and faithful an exponent, are those which I most earnestly cherish, and which it will be my object to unfold and disseminate as widely as possible. To this end it is my purpose to devote such ability as I possess, and the strength derived from an experience of twenty years in the Editorial profession. My ideal of an Anti-Slavery Editor's qualifications and duties is far higher than I can hope to attain, but it will ever be my aim to make The *Freeman* a welcome guest in every household where the love of Freedom and Humanity is cherished, a minister of life and strength to every Anti-Slavery heart, and an agent for imparting light and truth to the ignorant, for dissipating unfounded prejudices, for the eradication of false principles, for inspiring every where within the circle of its influence a deeper hatred of Wrong and a purer love for the Right, and for awakening the people to a keener sense of the sin of Human Slavery and of the obligation that rests upon them instantly to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.

In the discharge of my duties I shall doubtless be brought into conflict with hostile parties, sects and individuals, and necessity will be laid upon me to expose to the reprobation of the good and the true that spurious Republicanism which, with loud professions of reverence for Universal Liberty, forges new chains for the children of God, and that counterfeit Christianity which claims the sanction of Heaven for making merchandise of human flesh and dooming millions of the human race to the degradation and heathenism of a worse than Egyptian bondage, or, professing hostility to Slavery, yet leaves its victims without relief and strikes hands with their oppressors in Church and State. In dealing with opponents, of whatever grade or profession, while I shall aim to be true to the cause, I shall also endeavour to be just and even generous to them, that their hostility may be without excuse and the power of truth in their consciences impaired by no feeling of self-justification.

That the relation thus consummated between the undersigned and the readers and friends of this journal may contribute to our mutual happiness and usefulness, and to the advancement of the cause in which we are enlisted—the cause of Truth, Freedom and Righteousness—is my earnest hope and ardent prayer.

OLIVER JOHNSON.

Communications.

[FOR THE A. S STANDARD.]

Notes and Comments, Observations and Reflections, Scenes and Sketches, Gleanings by the Way-side, &c., &c.

BY AN ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURER.

NO. III.

ELTON, Oct. 20, 1851.

Is not this a great country? This land of the *free* and home of the *brave*—when Christians and Republicans hunt and fetter humanity, in the name of God and Freedom? Yes, this is a great country, a *Christian* country, a FREE country. *Free?* Yes, of course. And *Christian* too? Yes, to-be-sure. Are not the people of this country free to do all they have the power to do? Are not the strong among them free to rob and plunder the weak? Who wants greater freedom than this? And as to Christianity, don't the pious Christians of this country bind negroes on purpose to sell them, to buy Bibles to send to the perishing heathen of other lands? Who wants a purer and more benevolent Christianity than this? The Devil. The Devil—no, just about the same, I should think. If the Devil don't laugh in his sleeve every time he thinks of the United States, he is more fool than knave. And, if any human being who has a *soul*, can think of the state of things, in this country, without feeling his blood boil through every vein and artery, to the extremities of his system, and freeze again by the time it reaches his heart, he must have a very *small* soul, or, to say the least, a very calm one.

Why, what have we here, in this country, in the last half of the Nineteenth Century? A Gospel declaring its fundamental principles to be love supreme to a God of universal and impartial justice, and as sacred a regard for the rights and interests of our neighbours as for our own. A Declaration which sets forth the absolute inalienability and entire equality of human rights; which unequivocally asserts the self-evidency of truths which brand, as an execrable monster, the wretch who dares to assail the personal freedom of the poorest and weakest member of the human family. And, what then? O, *wonder of wonders! Horror of* HORRORS! *What then?* A nation of people, claiming, as their own, and glorifying the one, and professing to centre their hopes, for time and eternity, in the other—doing what? Crying aloud against the wickedness of the world? No. Throwing open the prison-doors of the wronged and plundered captive? No. Pleading for the dumb? breaking every yoke? binding up the broken heart? *No,* NO. Nothing of the kind. *What then? Deliberately standing with their cloven hoofs upon the torn and bleeding necks of three millions of their own countrymen, whose rights they confess are as sacred and dear as their own!!!*

Now I challenge all the assailants of Popery and Paganism, to find, in the history of any age or country, a parallel to the brazen impiety, the desperate wickedness, the haggard oppression and the white-faced hypocrisy, of the professedly *Christians* and *Republicans* of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. The detestable old Pharisees of Christ's time, are not to be compared with this company, excepting, perhaps, in reference to the frequency and length of their prayers, and their exceeding great reverence for the *House* and the *Word* of God. The history of the dark ages, so called, stained all over, as it is, with innocent blood, will, all things considered, compare *more* than favourably with the history of *this* country, when it shall have been faithfully written. ENGLAND is an *old grey-headed* ROBBER; AUSTRIA is a *bloodthirsty despot;* FRANCE is a *religious tyrant and political juggler.* But the UNITED STATES is a DEVIL INCARNATE, *clothed in the garb of an angel of light!* Nowhere this side of the *infernal regions* can the parallel be found; and whether or not it can be found *there*, will depend altogether upon how much the actual wickedness of the place *exceeds* all human powers of description—*Pollock's* and *Edwards'* included. By the powers of this *government*, and by the consent and approval of the *religion* of this land, more than three millions of our fellow beings are confined in the infernal prison-house of *imbruting* and *unending* BONDAGE. Untold millions of the offspring of this great body of outraged and plundered humanity are sold in the loins of their fathers, to become—as soon as their eyes shall open upon the beauties of Creation, and their feet tread the soil professedly *consecrated to freedom*—the goaded brutes of the fiendish task-master, forever. And this is AMERICA, '*the land of the Free.*' Read the following extract from the letter of a young and beautiful slave girl, to her mother, while in the slave prison, waiting to be sold to the traffickers in human souls, from H. C. WRIGHT'S '*Science of Man.*')

"My dear mother, will you please to come as soon as you can? I expect to go away very shortly. O, mother, my dear mother! come now and see your distressed and heart-broken daughter once more! Mother, my dear mother! do not forsake me, for I feel desolate. Please to come now.

"Your daughter,

"EMILY RUSSEL."

Her owner declared her the most *beautiful woman in the country.*

Such is the situation to which every seventh woman in this nation is, every day, liable. Let Earth be clothed in mourning. Let Heathendom blush for humanity Let the stones in our streets cry out. Let HELL peal forth a cry of *horror* that shall pierce the American heart, and shed tears of heartfelt pity for the crushed victims of *American rapacity*, and pour out burning indignation and scathing rebuke upon the deliberate supporters and perpetrators of *American* VILLAINY. The American *Government* authorizes this *fiendish* work, and the American *Church* sanctions it. But who are the American Government and the American Church? The American *people* who organize and support them. On *their* shoulders rests the responsibility, on their souls the *guilt.*

If Justice awards eternal fire to the common sinner, in the next world, how the narrow, selfish souls of *American bloodhound* DOCTORS OF DIVINITY will shrivel up, when they are brought face to face, at the bar of God, with the *hunted victims* of their hypocrisy here. How the flames of Hell will leap forth to embrace the souls of pious American Slaveholders and their abettors, when the Devil shall have claimed his own.

I am no believer in eternal vengeance, or eternal fire, or in arbitrary, vindictive torture, at all, under the Divine administration. But that the American soul must be speedily purified, or be *damned*, in point of consequence, as it is now in point of fact, I have not the shadow of a doubt. . . .

Two weeks last Sunday, I lectured in the church in this place (Elton, town of Freedom), in the afternoon and in the evening—ELDER JACKSON kindly consenting to give way for me, in the afternoon. The day was stormy, and but few were out; more in the evening; a good degree of interest manifested; a fair expression of determination to labour for the extermination of the Slave Power. Lectured here again last Sunday evening, or preached, rather, which is about the same thing with me. '*Preached,*' says some reader; 'I didn't know you were a preacher.' 'But I am though.' 'By what authority do you presume to preach?' 'Not by that of the Synods, Associations or Conferences of Christendom, I assure you. I was never set apart for that service, by 'laying on of hands'' 'What right, then, have you to preach?' 'What *right?* Let me ask a question: What *right* have you to question my right to preach? Answer that, or hold your peace.' 'Mrs. Foster used to tell the people I was a *reformed* preacher. A slight mistake of hers. The reformation went before the preaching. But for that fortunate circumstance, I might have been—what this country can boast of a great number of—an *unreformed* preacher. But we will talk about these things hereafter, if necessary.'

Lectured here again last evening. The friends met to organize. Through a misunderstanding, only the *men* came, and not many of them. Much as the masses fear to listen to the truth, they had much rather listen to it, and admit it, in the abstract, than to act upon it One *woman* was present; and what was remarkable about that, she *remained*, though a few others came, and left because more were not there. *She* was a *mother*, and had a mother's heart. Other women would, doubtless, have been there, but for the misunderstanding. This place promises very fair. Some fifteen have pledged life, fortune, honour, in behalf of human rights. One other would go it all but fine and imprisonment.

II. CHRONICLES, CHAPTER I.

BY ULRIC.

[FOR THE STANDARD.]

Now it came to pass in those days that King Zachary died, and was buried with great pomp; and many made loud lamentations over him.

2. Zachary was a great warrior, and the fame of his valour in battle had made him to be King over the people.

3. Now Zachary did neither good or evil while he was King.

4. Howbeit he was a great man, and he had many servants, and much land, and cattle, and slaves.

5. And there were many beggars in those days, who fought with each other fiercely for the crumbs of office that fell from the King's table.

6. Moreover it perplexed the King greatly to divide the crumbs, so as to keep them quiet.

7. But Zachary had hardly settled the kingdom by the appointment of the great men, and the mighty men of the land, to posts of honour and profit, when he was smitten with disease and died.

8. Now, when the King was dead and they had buried him in all the cities of the land, as the manner is to bury Kings, they took Millard, who rode in the second chariot, and made him King in his stead.

9. Now Millard was of the common people, and was put in the second chariot by reason of the great fame of Zachary, and not because he was a wise or brave warrior, for Millard was a timid man of the race of dough-faces.

10. Nevertheless, they made him King, and all the Chaldeans and dough-faces bowed down to him, but the Tidalites refused to do him homage.

11. Now, when Zachary died, the Sachems of the land had come together in the city of Ivah, into the great Temple, to make laws for the people.

12. Now the Chaldeans ruled in the land, and worshipped an Idol which they had set up in the South, called Cu-shan-rish-a-tha-im.

13. And the Chaldeans offered to this god (which they had set up above all gods, even the God of heaven) the weaker people of the land in sacrifice.

14. And the weaker people of the land had none but the Tidalites to help them, and the Tidalites were few, for many that were Tidalites aforetime had turned dough-faces and gone a-whoring after the god of the Chaldeans, Cu-shan-rish-a-tha-im.

15. Now the number of the people that were delivered to be burned upon the altar of this idol of the South land were three millions two hundred and fifty thousand men, women and children.

16. And, notwithstanding the number was so great, yet the Chaldeans (who were, as their name signifies, demons and robbers) were unwilling that one should escape the miserable life and hopeless death to which they were devoted.

17. And they also desired that their Idol, Cu-shan-rish-a-tha-im, should become the god of the land, and none be permitted to hold office, or buy or sell, but those who worshipped him.

18. And many of the Tidalites forsook the God of their Fathers and said it was expedient to worship Cu-shan-rish-a-tha-im, and obey his law, for it was higher than the law of the God of heaven.

19. And moreover, some of the priests of these apostates said to the people that the God of heaven had commanded that the law of the Idol should be obeyed, and the people answered and said, Amen.

20. Now when the Sachems were gathered together in the great temple of law that stood in the midst of the city, Baal-hermon, who had often desired to be King, and Beoh, Sachems of the Chaldeans, and Busi, the prince of dough-faces, and Dan, the Apostate, with many more who worshipped Cu-shan-rish-a-tha-im.

21. Then they sought to make laws to honour their God, and give him more victims, and bring back those that had fled from his altar, and to have no mercy upon the poor of the land, but to hunt them like beasts, and bring them in chains into the power of the Chaldeans.

22. Now this law was odious to Eubulus and all the Tidalite sachems and their brethren of the North land, but the power of the Chaldeans prevailed, and the Chaldeans and the Dough-faces made the law.

23. And king Millard, who reigned now in the place of Zachary, must sign the law or it would not be obeyed, but he, being of the race of Dough-faces, signed the law, commanding all the Tidalites in the land to worship the Idol of the South or pay large money and be imprisoned, so then all the worshipers of Cu-shan-rish-a-tha-im, held Jubilee because the laws of their god had become the law of the land

24. Now one of the mighty men who stood next the throne of king Millard was Dan the apostate; this Dan aforetime had hated the Idol of the South and would not worship him.

25. But Dan forsook the god of his fathers, and followed after strange gods and goddesses, Mammon, Bachus, and Venus, till he became a son of Belial.

26. Now when the law was passed, that all the victims fleeing from the tortures of the Idol of the South should be caught and returned in chains, Dan became a priest of the Idol he had hated aforetime, and preached submission to all the people, saying they must worship this god, for there was no god like him, and his law was above every other law.

27. So Dan came to the land of his Fathers and passed through it, preaching submission to the people. Howbeit in the city of Yankeedom they would not permit him to preach in the Synagogue, and he turned away in anger; and afterward came to the land of the Gothamites

28. Now in the city of Gotham were many sons of mammon who were rich in gold, and silver, and merchandise of all kinds, and they knew no god but Mammon, whom they worshipped.

29. But when Dan, the priest of Cu-shan-rish-a-tha-im, expounded the worship and law of his god to them, and that the Chaldeans would buy their merchandise no more; they howled with very anguish of Soul, and promised submission: And the priests of the Gothamites said, Amen.

30. And the sons of Mammon in the city of Gotham gave to Dan the goodliest charriot to be found in all the land, with fine horses to draw it, so Dan was strengthened in his heart, and the consciences of the Gothamite merchants and priests were quieted.

31. Now, in the middle of the land of Gotham, was the city of Salt: in this city, and in the regions round about, were many Tidalites, who would not submit to the law of Cu-shan-rish-a-tha-im, but abhorred him, and often held councils to overthrow his power, and save from death his tortured victims; and when any of them escaped to them, they would not return them, but held the law in derision.

32. And Dan came to the city of Salt, and, being filled with strong drink, made a speech to the dough-faces that came around crawling upon their bellies to lick his feet; and when the dough-faces heard his voice, they cried and said, it is the voice of the God-like.

33. And Dan took up his parable and said, be it known to all who hate the law, and worship, of the God of the South, that King Millard will even send to the city of Salt, which is in the midst of the land of Gotham, and fetch thence the escaped victims of his god, and this he will do, if need be, in the midst of the next council of the accursed Tidalites.

34. And Dan defied the power of the Tidalites, and departed to give an account unto King Millard of their disobedience.

35. For the Tidalites in the city of Salt and in the regions round about, being mighty men, and men of renown, had proclaimed to all the people that they feared not the King, neither would they obey the law in giving up the victims of the Idol of the South.

36. And in process of time, when the wrath of the King had waxed hot, and the Tidalites in all the land of Gotham had met together in the city of Salt, to consult how to break the power of the Idol and release his victims.

37. Then the King sent an officer of the sons of Belial to take from the city of Salt one of the poor of the land, who had escaped thither and was protected by the Tidalites of the place.

38. Now this poor man was taken and chained and dragged to the Hall of Judgment, for no crime but that of being poor, so poor that, according to the law by which he was to be tried and condemned, he could not own himself.

39. Then did the Tidalites rebel against King Millard and Dan the God-like, and all the Sachems and officers who made the law, and they took away by violence the poor man from the power of the Belialite Court, and sent him to a place of safety.

40. Then did the wrath of the King and his ministers become exceeding hot, and they raised the cry of treason throughout the land, and sent forth men to punish the rebellious Tidalites with death, and the Dough-faces said, Amen.

COMPROMISE.

DANVERS NEW MILLS, Eleventh Mo. 3, 1851.

FRIEND GAY: In renewing my subscription for *The Standard*, I have an opportunity to speak one word for the cause it advocates. I think I will improve it.

"No Compromise of Principles" should be a watchword for Reformers. It has been so with many in the Anti-Slavery cause. High as was the position first taken by the American Anti-Slavery Society, it has been long and nobly sustained. Indeed the Anti-Slavery Reform could never have been so firmly planted on any other basis than that of absolute Right, or carried on with such hopeful success by any power other than the moral power of Truth. The men and women who first gave their efforts to the cause must have had a fullness of faith unusual in the influence of moral teachings upon the human mind. They must have believed in the efficiency of that sublime course of moral action which the Saviour taught and which it is so hard for men to receive. They have faith and stand firmly—they directed their course by the rules of moral right, and have had success. What but success could be expected from such a course? what from such faith but steadfast support of the righteous cause? I speak of the few—the real Reformers—the true and tried friends of the slave, and of mankind. The multitude have no such faith yet. Many individuals who have espoused the Anti-Slavery cause, and attempted to stand upon its high platform, have left it in disgust when they learned that it could not be lowered to suit their selfishness, or to please the fancies of the times. Let them go. They can be of little benefit to any good cause until they learn that moral principles are immutable. But there are others who give it their aid in all sincerity, partly perceiving the beauty and purity of moral action, but who still want full confidence in the power of simple truth alone, to induce a nation impious as unjust to yield the slave his rights. May the faith of the unwavering give strength to theirs. Outlawed as they are, it is not strange that slaves, who have heard no holier teachings, should stand upon their natural rights and defend them, as at Christiana, by physical force and with deadly weapons. It is not strange that the coloured race, drawn together by a common sympathy, and influenced by the example of the fighting world around them, should use clubs and pistols against the common foe. But why should men who have learned higher principles waver? Why should those who believe in the *truth* of Christian principles disbelieve in their *power?* Principles which are impotent in time of severest trial are unworthy of support.

I lately heard a man, who has long been a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and a noted lecturer for the cause, speak very accusingly of that Society because it discountenances a resort to arms, in any emergency, in defence of the slave's right to liberty. I rejoice that it is so. What to him seemed a reproach, appears to me the great hope of the slave. I most earnestly wish, for the sake of humanity, that not only the Society, but each member of that Society, as an individual, would at all times discountenance resort to arms. The cause of human equality and brotherhood cannot rest on Tyranny's own foundation—that of physical force. Victory even, in a good cause, if won by violence and bloodshed, is little else than total defeat. It is a short apparent success purchased at the price of corruption.

There is a better way to defend the Right than by building up an error, for after generations to combat. If professed Christians had not compromised the plainest Christian principles, War, and its terrible offspring, Slavery, had not been known now.

It is true that some Abolitionists, who once advocated the use of the weapons of truth alone, now recommend far other and weaker weapons. I am sorry that it is true. But it is also true that there are many engaged in the cause who persuade others to approach the high stand which they occupy instead of descending to the lower themselves. They are men whom unceasing opposition cannot defeat, the desertion of friends disheartens, or persecution intimidates; and if no seeming prospect of momentary success can lure them from the principles which they stand upon, there is hope for the cause of humanity yet.

N. PAGE, JR.

Miscellaneous Items.

FATHER MATHEW will publish copious notes of his tour in America immediately after his return home. His Secretary, C. R. Mahony, Esq., will edit the works.

—DANIEL WEBSTER is said to have received $5,000 for his argument of the great India Rubber case in Boston last week.

—It is stated that a project is on foot for a World's Fair at New York next year, to be held in a glass palace, similar in material and structure to that at London, but much smaller.

—THE VOTE FOR FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—At the Whig Convention to nominate a member of Assembly for the Rochester city district, twenty-one votes were cast for Frederick Douglass.

—THERE are 200 names, five from each District, subscribed to the call of a State Convention in Massachusetts, with a view of nominating Mr. Webster for the President.

—A PRETTY HARD CASE.—The *Evening Post* says an Illinois editor, speaking of a *mauvais sujet* in that quarter, says he has broken *every bank and jail and Sabbath* they have had in that city for the last five years.

—A BLACK GENERAL.—General Avalos, the Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican forces in Tamaulipas, is about as black as the present Emperor of Hayti. Dr. Miller, our Commissioner to settle the land claims on the Rio Grande jocosely told Avalos that if he were caught east of the Colorado, he would readily sell for a prime negro, and be put to work in a cotton field.

—A COLOURED PREACHER MISSING.—The Rev. Mr. Everett, a coloured pastor, in this city, left his house some three weeks since, to be absent only a day or two, since which time nothing has been heard of him.

—A JONAH UNHEEDED!—Our neighbour of *The Express* (says the *Tribune*) went all the way up to Syracuse to save the Union in a Speech, which does not seem to have been appreciated by the 'Rural' population of that saline locality, especially the suggestion that the present purely and avowedly *Revenue* duty of twenty per cent. on Salt would be repealed if the Salt-Pointers didn't evince more alacrity in man-hunting—which was greeted by one universal hiss of defiance and derision. Give the Syracusans the Enlarged Canals and they will sell Salt extensively, duty or no duty. The following report of our Union-saver's effort we copy from *The Western State Journal:*

A DEMAGOGUE IN THE "RURAL DISTRICTS"

Master Brooks came all the way from New York City to explain to us, on Saturday last, our duties, and quicken our moral perceptions in relation to the Fugitive Slave Law. He conceded that a large majority of the citizens of Syracuse and of the county of Onondaga were opposed to it, in feeling and in principle, but having "saved the Union" over its provisions, he dwelt at considerable length upon the fact, that prejudice existed every where against the coloured race—entered into and formed a part of our social organization, and was as ineradicable as it was general. It was delightful to witness the "*umble*" piety he exhibited when disclaiming that he, "a poor worm of the dust," should question or seek to change this divine order of things, which had thus fixed the place of the Coloured race in the scale of society so far below the White one, and it was an exhibition of patriotism which I am sure very few persons would have ventured, when he claimed that the protection of the Fugitive Slave Law was necessary to prevent the unpleasant competition which the Irish and German labourers would meet in that of runaway slaves, if they were allowed to come and remain here at the North. Upon this point he dwelt at considerable length, appealing to the prejudices of foreigners especially, and attempting to ridicule the efforts and motives of those who sought to elevate the moral and social condition of the negro. It was the most dastardly, mean and contemptible speech I ever heard, in this respect.

This argument was only equalled by the one he made use of in *The Express*, a few days after the affair of Oct. 1, and which he repeated here on Saturday, that in consequence of that affair, efforts would this Winter be made in Congress to repeal the duty on Foreign Salt. The storm of hisses which greeted his ears as he dragged in this threat to intimidate us, was significant even to him that he would make no capital out of it. He said he had heard several Members of Congress speak of it as a thing determined upon; but when asked who had suggested it before he did, Master Brooks was silent. The honour of its paternity is due to himself, and these two arguments in favour of the Fugitive Slave Law are worthy of the man who made them. They could only have originated in a heart essentially selfish, mercenary and malignant, and except in such ss this, they met with no response in the hearts of his hearers.

It is at least singular that sensible men should resort to such arguments as these, to convince people of their error in holding the law in utter abhorrence Mr. Brooks seems to suppose that it is something which he can overcome by exciting selfish prejudice, or by making a mercenary threat. He cannot elevate his own thoughts to the idea that opposition to the law is, with us, a matter of moral principle—a question of right or wrong which cannot be changed by any fear of competition, or prejudice of colour, and which will only become stronger, more decided, and more unyielding, with every contemptible effort to force or to bribe us by a threatened restriction upon the business of the city. If the Union is not yet sufficiently sound without taking off the 20 per cent. duty on salt, we can submit to it—but the Fugitive Slave Law, and they who thus seek to enforce our regard for it, will still be held in contempt and will still be despised.

—IMPORTANT FROM ST. DOMINGO.—By an arrival at this port last week advices are received from Gonaives, St. Domingo, to the 10th inst. We learn by this arrival that an arrangement had been entered into between the American, French, and English authorities to force the Emperor, (Soulouque) to respect the truce towards the Dominicans. They had drawn up proposals for him to sign, and in the event of his refusing, the three powers would blockade his ports. The Emperor was at Gonaives with about 8,000 men, and was to have given an answer to the proposals at that place, but did not. He, however, promised to do so at Port au Prince, where he was going.

A later arrival at Boston brings letters stating that the Emperor passed through Gonaives on the 10th, from the Cape, and would reach Port au Prince in a few days from whence he would return, and give an answer to the American, French, and English Consuls, who had, interfered in behalf of the Dominicans. Nothing serious was apprehended. Coffee was selling at $76 a $78, Haytien currency, per 100 lbs.

—PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT IN REGARD TO EXPEDITIONS AGAINST MEXICO.—WASHINGTON, Thursday, Oct. 23.—The following has been issued by the President:

A PROCLAMATION.—*Whereas*, there is reason to believe that a Military Expedition is about to be fitted out in the United States for the purpose of invading the Mexican Republic, with which this country is at peace; and whereas, there is reason to apprehend that a portion of the people of this country, regardless of their duties as good citizens, are concerned in, or may be seduced to take part in the same; and whereas, such enterprises tend to degrade the character of the United States in the opinion of the civilized world, and are expressly prohibited by law: Now, therefore, I have issued this, my proclamation, warning all persons who shall connect themselves with any such enterprise, in violation of the laws and National obligation of the United States, that they will thereby subject themselves to the heavy penalties denounced against such offenders; that if they should be captured within the jurisdiction of the Mexican authorities, they must expect to be tried and punished according to the laws of Mexico and will have no right to claim the interposition of this Government in their behalf. I therefore expect all well-disposed citizens who have at heart the reputation of their country, and are animated with a just regard for its laws, its peace and its welfare to discountenance, and by all lawful means prevent any such enterprise, and I call upon every officer of this Government, civil or military, to be vigilant in arresting for trial and punishment every such offender.

MILLARD FILMORE.

The proclamation is issued on information received that some Texans had organized and crossed the frontier.

—ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.—Mr. C. L. Remond gave an excellent lecture on Sunday evening, and there was a large attendance for so dull an evening. Mr. Remond in the course of his remarks alluded to a change of views in his own mind, during the last year, with respect to the Anti-Slavery measures. The support given in the Free States to the Fugitive Law showed him that if the Union were dissolved, the line between the supporters and opponents of Slavery, might as well be drawn through Massachusetts as by Mason and Dixon's line. Towards the close of his lecture, Mr. Remond read an interesting account of the Syracuse rescue, by John Thomas, and he concluded his address in a spirited and eloquent manner.—*Essex County Freeman.*

—THE SYRACUSE RESCUE CASE.—Mr. James Lear and Mr. Smith, of Marion county, Mo., remarks the (*Boston. Courier*) reached St. Louis on Saturday last, on their return home from the fruitless attempt to recover the fugitive slave Jerry, at Syracuse, under the provisions of the fugitive slave law. The St. Louis Republican says that these gentlemen, as soon as they reach home, will make a public statement of the whole affair, and of the causes that led to its disgraceful failure. They give the *lie* emphatically to the resolution of Gerritt Smith, introduced into the abolition meeting at Syracuse, after the arrest of the slave had been consummated, and pronounce its statements throughout a tissue of the vilest calumny. The Republican closes its article with the following tribute to the fidelity with which the Federal officers, without exception, endeavoured to execute the law in good faith:

It gives us great pleasure to be able to add, as we do on the authority of Mr. Lear and Mr. Smith, that every officer of the National Government whose services were called into requisition—and there were several Deputy Marshals, the District Attorney and others—all manifested the most perfect willingness to execute the law at all hazards. Not one of them flinched in the performance of his duty. They were beaten and maimed by the ruffians, but this did not change their determination; and so far as it depends upon them, it is certain that the law will yet be executed in New York.

—ANOTHER RESCUE OF A FUGITIVE.—At Ottawa on Sunday week, two negroes, evidently strangers, came into the city in a buggy, driving a white horse. They inquired the way to some known place, and were directed across the river. They had, however, not got far from town, before they were pursued and overtaken by Mr. Constable Skinner, and several others, who, alleging that they were fugitive slaves, were about to arrest them, when one of them showed his free papers, and was allowed to go his way, but the other was taken by force, and brought back to town, where he was placed on a canal boat and started towards La Salle, with a view of being there placed on a steamer and conveyed to his master at St. Louis. At Lock No. 11, however, the negro was taken from the officers, who were somewhat roughly handled by the people, and the boat went on without him. In relation to the matter the Free Trader says:

"We wish to call attention to one fact, and that is that in all their steps in this transaction, neither Mr Skinner nor any of his abettors had the first scrap of a warrant or process of law of any kind whatever. It was a plain piece of kidnapping, and as such the persons engaged in it are liable to be indicted and punished. We shall be the last to oppose a proper officer in the rightful execution of the fugitive slave law, but we are opposed to arresting any persons, whether black or white, bond or free, without complying strictly with the letter of its provisions. And we believe this to be the general sentiment of this community."

—A FEMALE PEDESTRIAN.—A Miss Cushman, of St. Louis, Missouri, has undertaken to walk a mile an hour for five hundred consecutive hours. She commenced at 6 P M. on Friday the 10th instant, and during her first twenty-four hours, her quickest mile was performed in fourteen minutes and twelve seconds, and the rest at various periods between. She is said to be a graceful as well as a rapid walker. While on duty, she is dressed in full Bloomer costume, consisting of a pink dress, pink trousers, and bonnet trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbon. Large crowds were drawn together to witness this novel spectacle.

—THE CUBAN CORRESPONDENCE.—Respecting certain letters addressed by the acting Secretary of State, Mr. Crittenden, in reply to some recent communications from the Ministers of France and England in relation to Cuban affairs, it is due to all the parties to say, that we understand the character given to the Secretary's letters by the intelligent correspondent of *The Philadelphia American*, is not altogether correct. The language of the letters is plain, direct, and frank, it is true; but there is in them nothing in the slightest degree discourteous, or inconsistent with the Secretary's own character and dignity, or the respect due to the distinguished functionaries he was addressing. That the letters were able, forcible and manly, as well as respectful and courteous, no American need be told.—*National Intelligencer.*

—THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW ON THE MEXICAN FRONTIER—WILD CAT AND THE INDIANS.—*Sept.* 20.—The sheriff of San Antonio de Bexar arrived here a few days ago, in company with some men, for the purpose, it appears, of arresting some of Wild Cat's negroes, who are claimed by sundry individuals in the Northern States. He has with him sundry documents to establish his claims, and accordingly went to work, and on the 19th inst. arrested Goffer John, the chief of the negroes attached to Wild Cat, and the same who commanded the negro warriors in the Florida war. It appears that John came on this side of the river for some purpose, and before he was aware of being looked for, found himself pinioned and in the hands of the white people. The other arrest, made immediately after, was that of a lad named Mungo, the son of Austin, Wild Cat's chief interpreter, who had a situation on this side, and whose arrest I witnessed. There was no attempt made to stop the sheriff in his course, and the prisoners are now under guard, and no rescue has thus far been attempted.

On the day following the arrest, Goffer John's *free papers* were brought in and delivered to Col. Morris, the commandant of Fort Duncan, who, after examining the same, gave it as his opinion that Goffer John was a free man, and no man had any claim upon him, because Gen. Jessup has certified to the fact, that other documents corroborate the same. About the boy nothing is yet known, for his father is absent on a hunting excursion, and no papers have been produced as yet, but the opinion is that he is also free. In the meantime, Col. Morris can do nothing in the matter, for the reason that he has no authority to interfere with the civil law; and I presume the prisoners will be taken to San Antonio for examination.

Goffer John is claimed by the Mexican Government as a *Mexican citizen* and a *Mexican soldier*, and last night Capt. Aradunda, the commandant of the Mexican Military Colony and Garrison, immediately opposite, transmited to the sheriff a protest in the name of his Government, and prior to that he had despatched a courier to the city of Mexico, giving information of these facts to the President. In the meantime, the Chief of the Seminoles, Qua Cutchie, (Wild Cat), was sent for, he being on a hunting excursion when the acts were committed; and last night he arrived at the Garrison opposite, and report says that he is furious. And what action he will take is a matter of speculation He is keen and talented, and a brave man, and may do something that the captors may rue. He (Wild Cat) is and has been dissatisfied for some time past, and this may serve him for an excuse to act once more on the defensive, and make this frontier anything else but a pleasant dwelling-place. And furthermore, the Mexican authorities consider that their rights are infringed upon, and their citizens maltreated by the United States. These are the facts thus far. Let us wait for the future.

SEPT. 24.—Col. Morris, and some other gentleman, visited the officers of the Mexican garrison last evening at which Wild Cat, with some fifty warriors, were in attendance, and when a Big Talk was had, Wild Cat appeared in grand costume, wearing his sable plume and ornaments, and painted according to his fancy, (that is to say, painted for war), and his men had likewise called Red Clay to their aid, and the whole family looked pretty much like so many devils of the second class, and much talking did it require to keep the judiciary peaceable; but after many explanations Wild Cat concluded to keep cool, and wait for the authoritics to give his wooly headed friends their liberty once more. The first intention of the Indians was to rush across the river and rescue the prisoners, but the Mexican captain notified them that if they did so, he would *fire* upon them if they attempted to recross the river, and Master Wild Cat found himself between two fires, and I doubt not that the prospect thus presented had some weight to keep him in check. At the end of the conference. Wild Cat asked Col. Morris if he was permitted to cross over and see the prisoners, and receiving permission, he came over to day, and brought over with him some twenty of his men, but thus far I have not seen him, and he is at this time with the prisoners.

SEPT. 24.—Evening.—Wild Cat, together with Col. Morris and some other gentlemen, are having another *big talk* together in the prisoner's room. Wild Cat paid me a visit this afternoon, about 4 o'clock, and appeared to be friendly. The second Chief likewise conducted himself well; but nevertheless they are angry, and they cannot disguise it. The visit was short, and after a little conversation they took their departure again to the room of the prisoners, after writing me to be present at the Council. I went after them and witnessed a scene which was novel and interesting—namely, a big bug nigger, and a boy in chains; some twenty Indians, painted and looking rather savage, and a few kind-hearted gentlemen, as interpreters, and some others, who came to see the elephant. The conversation was from Seminole, delivered in Spanish, and from Spanish into English, for the benefit of those who did not understand Spanish; and after much talk, the Indians were made to understand that the Colonel had not the power to release the prisoners, since he had no right to interfere with the civil law, and that it was necessary to take them on to San Antonio. The Indians received permission to send one of their Chiefs along, as a witness, but the proposition was rejected; they appear to think that if the free papers, which John produced, signed by his owner and Gen. Jessup, are not regarded, that the word of the white man *is no good*, and they finally retired to the Mexican side, to hold a Council of the Nation, and deliberate on some things as well as others, touching the affair, and thus ended the business of the day.

There is a screw loose somewhere, and some of our citizens give it as their opinion, that the Indians will rescue the negroes, and perhaps do some mischief. Wild Cat conducted himself with much propriety and dignity, but an angry spirit is raging within him, and he could not disguise it. More anon. EXILE.

Receipts for the Standard.

FROM OCTOBER 1ST TO NOVEMBER 1ST, 1851.

650	G. B. Stebbens, Rochester, N. Y.	2 00
641	D. W. Cole, Fairfield, N. Y.	2 00
625	J. Batchelder, Marlboro, N. H.	2 00
579	S. A. Barrett, Milton, N. Y.	2 00
629	David Irish, Quaker Hill, N. Y.	2 00
644	David Campbell, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.	2 00
625	Isaac Post, Rochester, N. Y.	2 00
644	Lewis Devindorf, Cedarville, N. Y.	2 00
618	Wm. Hasford, " "	1 00
649	Henry Bassett, Burlington Flats, N. Y.	2 00
600	D. Brooks, East Sheffield, Mass.	2 00
624	Mrs. Cordelia Adams, Hingham, Mass.	2 00
642	Miss Adeline Whitton, " "	2 00
624	N. Barney, Nant

Miscellany.

KOSSUTH.

AN ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

Written for the London Weekly News and Chronicle

Louis Kossuth was born in Zemplin (one of the northern counties of Hungary), during the sixth year of this century. His family, though of noble descent, were decayed in respect to worldly wealth: yet honour, talent, and intrepidity remained in their blood, which more than counterbalanced the questionable loss of that "barbaric pomp" which is so much more likely to corrupt than to invigorate its possessors. The father of Kossuth was an officer in the Austrian army. As such he served through the French wars, and freely shed his blood on the fatal field of Leipsic for what was then deemed (alas! how vainly!) the cause of nations oppressed by the military autocracy of Napoleon! In early childhood the young Louis (or Lajos as it is in Hungarian) evinced the utmost precocity of understanding, coupled with an unbounded sweetness of disposition. Here we find, as has been the case so often (especially to be remarked of the Wellesleys and the Bonapartes), that the influence of a talented mother greatly tended to develope the character of our hero. That estimable parent has lived to see all the successes and the subsequent reverses of her son, and though now of a very advanced age, she has been described by persons who saw her but two years ago as a very remarkable lady, both from her vivacious intelligence, and from the resolute disposition of her character. Under such auspices it cannot but be seen that all the kindly feelings of young Kossuth were sure to be stimulated at home; whilst later, as a stripling, he completed his education at the Lutheran College (of which sect his family are members), in the northern counties, where he carried off every prize attainable. There it was that, reading the history of the ancient days of his country, of its fame, of its prowess, and of the independence and the liberty of its sons, that the seeds were laid of those aspirations which are as opposed as light to darkness, when compared with the "cold obstruction" with which Austrian despotism, at all times, has overwhelmed Hungary. There it was, that from the broad foundation of classic learning and the noble lessons to be read in the pages of Greek and Roman history, that Kossuth stored his mind (itself of poetic tendencies) with that fund of historic knowledge which, with intuitive genius, make up for the want of years and experience, and gains additional intensity when poured fourth in the language of a lofty and glowing eloquence.

Having thus prepared himself with all the advantages which a country education could afford, we find Kossuth, yet very young, wending his way towards Pesth, the capital of Hungary. There he entered into the office of a notary, and worked on laboriously and unnoticed for several years. It was during this period that, through the routine of business and law affairs, his great mind was trained to "condescend to particulars," and he thus acquired an accurate knowledge of all the details and working of the laws of the land which has been of such incalculable assistance to him in his subsequent position of a statesman and lawgiver.

At length, the eventful year of 1830 arrived, and the outraged nations whom monarchs and courtiers had barterred and parcelled out like swine by the treaties of 1815, began to awake to hope. Most singularly fortunate were the Belgians, who were freed from the Dutch. Luckily for them, France was adjacent, and there was also the seaboard of Holland not so far off but that we could blockade its ports at a small expense. On the last day of that year, the Poles, believing in French sympathy, and counting upon the same support as the Belgians had obtained, rose against the Czar and his Muscovite host at Warsaw. They, however, found to their cost that the old Polish saying was still true—"That Heaven was too high and France too far off." But Hungary was nearer, and was more true to a good cause. Then were county meetings held through the land to instruct their delegates to vote in the Diet for war with Russia, and for a levy of one hundred thousand men to aid the Poles. At first even Metternich was not ill-disposed to come to the rescue of Poland, especially as the late Russian conquests from the Turks, and their occupation of the mouths of the Danube had excited profound jealousy, if not positive fear, in the minds of the Cabinet of Vienna. But the hesitation of the Austrian statesman to commit himself to such a new line of policy, and the *kindness* of money-lending capitalists, who raised the "Pole-murdering" loan for the Czar, left the patriots to be crushed ere any assistance could come to them from Hungary, save a few volunteers, amongst whom we must mention Maurice Perzel, since so distinguished as a general in the war, and now liberated from Turkey with Kossuth. Many unfortunate Poles, however, succeeded, after the final catastrophe, in escaping into Hungary, where they were most hospitably received and concealed in the houses of the nobility: and nowhere was there a heartier welcome to a poor fugitive offered than at the humble dwelling of Kossuth's venerable mother. This Polish emigration, with their tales of woe, easily stimulated the sympathies of the generous Hungarians, and it did much towards the permanent spread of liberal ideas, amidst the upper classes and the nobility in particular.

About this time Kossuth, then a notary, himself began to attend the county meetings, where the electors met and determined, by votes, how their delegates should vote in the Diet, and it was thus both as a reporter of the resolutions carried at those meetings, and also by speaking as an elector, that Kossuth, between 1832 and 1835, gradually forced himself into public life. He first began to show himself as a thorn in the side of the Austrian Government in its illegal despotism, by superintending the lithographic circulation of the reports of the debates both in the Diet and at the county meetings; thus frustrated the censorship of the press which had hitherto prevented all publicity. Shortly afterwards, in the year 1837, having edited the Pesth newspaper with the greatest spirit, and successfully pointed out the lawless acts of the Austrians, he was suddenly seized by an armed force and thrust into a dungeon in the Castle of Buda. All our readers must be aware of the infamous notoriety which Austrian prisons have earned for themselves. It is the hellish practices of the "Paternal Government," to make its cells so utterly unfit for human habitation as nearly in all cases, either to undermine the health, or to shatter the understanding of its victims. Two other prisoners were seized and confined about the same period. Of them one, the celebrated Baron Wesselenyi, a Hercules in stature, was rendered blind through the dampness of his dungeon, and has since died prematurely. The other, a poet whose name escapes us at this moment (yet we think that it was Lovassi), was only released from his pit at Buda, as a confirmed maniac!

Kossuth, indeed, did not suffer to such an extent; but after three years, confinement, he came out with an emaciated and debilitated frame which has undoubtedly prevented him from much physical endurance during the late struggle, and perhaps too from personal prowess in the field to which our broad-backed Cromwell first turned his hand when he was also well past forty years of age.

The eventual release of Kossuth was moreover owing entirely to the selfish interests of the Austrian despots. The diplomatic embroilments which arose in 1840 between England and France, relative to the Syrian question, had caused such fear to the Austrian and Prussian Governments that they both increased their armaments. But in order to obtain a greater contingent of men, and a larger supply of money from the Hungarian Diet, the Vienna Cabinet deemed it expedient to give way to the repeated wishes expressed by the votes of that Diet on several minor affairs, and amongst other points was the liberation both of Kossuth and Wesselenyi from their illegal confinement.

Some time elapsed before the health of Kossuth could enable him to return to his former avocations as Tribune of the Hungarian people, and it was at that period whilst on a trip to a watering-place that he met, wooed, and married his wife, Theresa Messelenyi, of a noble family resident at Stuhl-Weissenburg on the route from Buda to the Baths on the Balaton Lake, or Platten sea. That event, which permanently fixed the domestic happiness of this distinguished patriot, by no means abated the zeal which burnt within his breast to emancipate his fellow-countrymen.

With returning convalescence, he again worked assiduously as before, but with greater authority as a known martyr, to rescue the just rights of Hungary from the reluctant grasp of that perfidious House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, whose *good* qualities are about equal to the vices of our Stuarts and the Bourbons both concentrated in one stock. In this peaceful and constitutional manner did Kossuth carry on the struggle until 1847. Towards the end of the preceding year, the three great military powers had finally accomplished the utter dismemberment of unhappy Poland, by the annexation of the free city of Cracow to the dominions of the Austrian empire. The universal disgust with which public opinion abroad received the news of this spoliation was one of the first indications (after the long calm since 1830) that nations were again beginning to think for themselves. The promises too of liberality which Pius IX. had made soon after his elevation to the Pontificate, acted as a leaven, fermenting all Italy. These external causes, and the gradual spread of sound principles in Hungary itself (mainly through the means of Kossuth's unceasing efforts), had shown to the Vienna bureaucrats that something must be done for Hungary. Towards the end of the summer of 1847, their Diet was dissolved, as being too liberal for Metternich, and at the new election, Kossuth was then for the first time* returned as Deputy for Pesth in a most triumphant manner.

Before the actual assembling of this newly-convened Diet in November, 1847, there was a preliminary meeting held by the Liberal opposition. On that occasion, a programme was drawn up by Francis Deak, which contained *most* of the unredressed grievances complained of by every successive Diet since 1832, and *all* those essential reforms (indicated herein with precision) which were afterwards either legally passed and ratified by the late Emperor Ferdinand, as King of Hungary, on the 11 of April, 1848, at Presburg, or were subsequently introduced by Kossuth either as a Minister or the Governor of Hungary during the war. On the opening of this memorable Diet, Kossuth supported these views with the greatest ability and fervour: the new Diet was also more determined to obtain justice even than the late one. Nevertheless, month after month passed away with nought but procrastination and chicanery from Vienna in reply to repeated applications from the Diet for their legal rights and for ordinary reforms in accordance with the age, when the French Revolution of February, 1848, burst upon the astonished world! On the arrival of that news, Kossuth, on the 2nd of March, in a most eloquent speech, moved for a new address to the Monarch, firmly reiterating their former propositions, but now he added a prayer, "That liberal institutions similar to the Hungarian constitution be accorded to all the Hereditary States, and thus make a United Austrian Monarchy, based upon broad and constitutional principles." This is he who has been talked of as a mere revolutionist, as a Magyar who would oppress the Sclaves! These wise and good suggestions, were of course, spurned. The rest is well known: for while, in a few days, Metternich was ousted by an *emeute* managed by the Viennese students, the Court promised everything, meaning never to keep those promises, and it has most strenuously acted up to its fraudulent intention. "Non populis servanda fides" has always been its maxim.

With the fall of Metternich, however, as the Court Camarilla (for the old Emperor Ferdinand was a mere idiot) had agreed to the demands of the Diet, a new career was opened to Kossuth. The late lamented victim of Austrian vengeance, Count Louis Batthyanyi, was appointed Prime Minister, under the new system of direct and responsible Ministers for Hungary. He had long befriended Kossuth, and it was largely through his instrumentality that Kossuth had obtained his election as Deputy for Pesth. He at once offered the portfolio of Finance to Kossuth, and the great abilities exhibited there by the new Minister amply justified the hopes entertained by his most ardent admirers.

The position of Minister of Finance, even in the times of Political quiet, is ever an arduous one; yet how much more difficult was the situation of Kossuth when he had to construct and rear a new office, during a period of the utmost excitement, and of the ruins of Austrian management, which left the Treasury bankrupt, both in money and credit!

The political confidence which was reposed in Kossuth by the nation soon bore good fruit by the early return of credit to the hitherto depreciated paper currency, which had been issued by the National Bank at Pesth whilst under the direction of the Austrians. He early regulated the issue of notes so as to bear a safe proportion to the bullion in the bank, and between the time of his taking office in the month of April, and the meeting of the new Diet in July, an entirely new aspect of financial affairs was apparent in the Hungarian Exchequer. By that time, however, the rapid strides that political events were taking by the artfully-concocted schism between the mercenary Ban of Croatia, Jellachich and the new Hungarian Ministry, soon diverted the ability of Kossuth's great mind from any further opportunity for Financial Reform to the necessity of at once standing forth as the champion of warlike preparation on a most extended scale, so as to be ready for any emergency which the enemies of free Hungary might occasion.

Very shortly after the first opening of the new Diet in July, Kossuth proposed that a committee should be appointed to co-operate with the Ministry in all measures essential for the defence of their country; that the national army be increased to the number of 200,000, so as to repel the invasion of the Servians, to put down the agrarian outrages of the Wallachians, and to oppose the threatened hostilities of Jellachich; and finally that the Finance Minister be empowered to issue national notes or Exchequer bills to the amount of 10,000,000 florins to meet the increased expenditure of the last resolution. Although Kossuth was labouring under so severe indisposition that he was actually obliged to be carried into the Diet, yet this speech, amongst his many brilliant orations, stands unrivalled. It were needless to say that these resolutions were all voted by acclamation; and also that Kossuth formed one of the Deputies appointed to the Committee for the National Defence. Between that time, and the actual invasion of Hungary by Jellachich with Croat and Imperial troops towards the end of September, Kossuth was directing all his energies, both as Minister of Finance, and a Member of the Defence Committee, towards organizing additional forces for his country. All that time, through the double dealings of the Austrian Court, Batthyanyi and the rest of the Ministry were almost in a state of total abeyance. All had, indeed, collectively resigned early in September, but the Court again appointed Batthyanyi, and thereby gained time for Jellachich to receive additional reinforcements of other Imperial troops stationed in Hungary, who had been ordered to join him; for the fair fame of the patriot Louis Batthyanyi's name was thought likely to act as a cloak for this Machiavellianism. For let us remember, all this time there was the Palantine Arch-Duke Stephen, acting with the Hungarian Diet and the Ministry against Jellachich, and still there were *Austrian* Ministers aiding the Ban in his invasion of Hungary! Before a blow was struck, Jellachich had advanced to within fifty miles of Pesth. Then it was that when the hastily-collected force of a few Hungarian regulars and a motley body of National Guards and armed peasantry were in sight of the invaders, the Palantine Arch-Duke Stephen, who commanded in chief, suddenly fled away to Vienna!

Although thus deserted by their commander in such a pitiful and treacherous manner, the Hungarian troops under the next senior officer, General Moga, stood firm, and their courage was supported by the presence of Kossuth and the Committee of Defence appointed by the Diet. Jellachich, still pushing forward on the Buda-Pesth road, came into contact, on the 29th of September, with the national forces at Sokorro, near Stuhl-Weissenburg. In the action which ensued, however, he was worsted and beaten back, although superior both in numbers and in the composition of his army; for it was formed of trained border troops, and regular Imperial battalions which had been placed under him by the perfidious Austrian Ministry at Vienna. On the other hand, the Hungarian forces were nearly all composed of raw levies, raised by the enthusiasm of the people themselves, and organized as best could be on the very spur of the moment. Nevertheless, as Jellachich had counted on the meeting no opposition from the Hungarian regulars and also on the connivance of the generals in command, he found himself in a most perilous situation, being defeated in the field and without provisions in the middle of a hostile country, now thoroughly aroused to its danger. The faithless Ban obtained an armistice for time to refer all things to the Emperor-King at Vienna; yet he broke his engagement by employing this time in retreating on Vienna, and left a whole division of 10,000 Croats to be captured while he escaped with the remainder!

From this time until the final catastrophe which laid Hungary prostrate before the ruthless Austrians, the history of Kossuth is indeed the history of the entire war of independence which that noble country so fearlessly waged against its numerous enemies. True, there were other names which formed many brilliant episodes throughout those stirring times, such as Bem, Dembinski, Klapka, Guyon, Perzeel, Damianich, Aulich and Vetter; yet it was Kossuth who was the mainspring by which all was moved: it was he, like our Chatham, and like the French Carnot, who organized victory. In awarding the meed of glory to Kossuth, it is still very difficult to say whether he was greatest in his peaceful career of twenty-one years, during which he raised himself, a poor and unbefriended scholar, to be the chief leader of an aristocratic though liberal nation, or when we find him, a civilian, creating an army of the importance of the Napoleonic era in the short period of six months. When the war commenced, the entire national Hungarian troops which were in their country, consisted of twenty-eight regular battalions of infantry, mustering below 20,000 bayonets, and likewise fourteen newly raised battalions of fencibles called Honveds, which, though of 1,000 each, were all recruits. Besides, however, there were nine regiments of Hussars, which, with the depots of the other three absent in distant lands, probably amounted to between 7,000 or 8,000 magnificent horsemen. Formidable as these last were, their presence was hardly equivalent to the absence of any national artillery whatsoever. Such was the basis upon which an extended system of military defence had to be formed forthwith, when, after the fall of Vienna in October, 1848, Marshal Windischgratz was preparing to invade Hungary on all sides with more than 120,000 veteran Imperialists. Nevertheless, by raising many more "Honved" battalions, and by doubling the number of Hussars by fresh recruits and forming new regiments, and most of all by improvising a numerous corps of artillerymen formed of the gentry, the students, and artisans of intelligence, one half of those Austrian invaders were killed, wounded, taken prisoners and invalided by the end of April, the Marshal himself disgraced and superseded, and the soil of Hungary emancipated from Austrian occupation!

Up to this period we have studiously avoided the very mention of Gorgey. The talent of that man must be admitted, and early as a major he did much good towards perfecting the plans of military organization which were followed. But arriving at the command of the Hungarian army at Presburg, by having depreciated the honesty and fidelity of the previous general, Moga (who now expiates his patriotism in fetters), he appears to have had but one idea (which he followed for months with astute perseverance)—namely, to make himself independent of all other control, and then sell his country to her most inveterate enemies. The only regret to which Kossuth can be obnoxious is the openness of heart which did not allow him to discern the traitor early enough, and the gentleness in not dealing summarily with him when, on the first march of the Austrians into Pesth, Gorgey retiring towards Schemnitz with three divisions, issued at Waitzen, on the 9th January, 1849, a Proclamation, setting himself up as General of the *Army*, and repudiating the Committee of Defence, from whom he had accepted the rank of General. We cannot help thinking that thus early *he wished* to be cut off with his corps, and to surrender. The surpassing gallantry, however, with which our countryman, Guyon, defeated the Austrian General Schlick, at Branitzo, opened a passage for the whole of Gorgey's forces, and he thus could not get "cut off." He ought then to have been tried, and deposed, if not executed, indeed; and the army would have been entirely satisfied by Guyon's replacing Gorgey in the command of the corps which he had just saved in spite of the traitor. The next, and by far the more serious case occurred on the 15th of February, 1849, when Gorgey delayed the march of his corps, although ordered by Dembinski to make a movement which would have prevented the escape of Schlick's corps, then in an isolated position. But, worst of all, Gorgey positively disobeyed Dembinski on the field of Kapolna on the 27th and 28th of the same month, by which that bloody contest remained a drawn battle. After that, no doubt the unjustifiable interference of the Commissioner Szemere against Dembinski made matters difficult; yet the advice of General Mezzaros, the Minister of War, was clearly right. "Gorgey, as a soldier, disobeyed his superior, and should have been tried," and he must then have been legally and rightly punished for such a crime. If that had happened, and either Klapka or Damianich had been made the Commander-in-Chief, in all human probability the nation might have been saved. Both of those generals were perfectly sincere, and both of them, in separate commands, had really won those battles in April by which the principal renown of Gorgey was obtained. On the refusal of a court-martial, General Mezzaros resigned, and only again served when his country's cause was rendered desperate by the determined treachery of Gorgey. No doubt this absence of severity arose from the noble kindness of Kossuth, and he, so generous himself, hoped by generosity to win the devotion of the heartless Gorgey; but in such a case, we doubt not but that Cromwell, Chatham, or Washington, would have acted otherwise, and perhaps saved the cause of their country.

Yet what a tribute this is to the heart of a man, who was the leader of an outraged nation in arms, that his only fault may be that he was *too* good!

The only other *mistake* which Kossuth may be said to have made, was the formal deposition of the House of Hapsburg Loraine voted on the 14th of April, 1849, by the Diet at Debeczin. Some people talk of this as a fatal error: we only think it was unfortunate, as it served as an excuse for some of the old Hungarian aristocracy and for Gorgey to take exception at. It was, moreover, a work of supererogation; for if the Hungarians had finally triumphed, they *then* could have chosen what government they liked; whilst, as it was, it remained but a piece of paper, which *may* have done some harm politically, and could have done no good practically in the field of battle or at the council-board.

We have already mentioned with what diminished forces the Imperialists evacuated Hungary by the end of April. Again breathing time was given to that noble country; yet well it needed it, for the Russian Autocrat was soon to come to the aid of his brother tyrant with an enormous reinforcement of 180,000 troops. Unfortunately the subtle betrayer, Gorgey, was now both Commander-in-Chief, as well as Minister of War, and he thus was able entirely to paralyze the armies in the field, and partially to prevent a complete system of defence by *levee en masse*, which could only succeed when perfectly well organized. After keeping the main army of some 55,000 men (the flower of the whole nation), in a state of inactivity, on the upper Danube, for more than six weeks, whilst the Russians were coming and the Austrians were recruiting and re-organizing their shattered corps, Gorgey, about the 20th of June, 1849, commenced a series of actions by which he wilfully got each of his corps beaten so as to break their spirits. Later, when the Austrians, 65,000 strong, together with 16,000 Russians with 280 guns, under Haynau, were all concentrated on the south of the Danube, opposite Raab, he left Poltenberg's corps and Kmethy's division unsupported, and actually moved two other corps by three marches round a circle, so that they were necessarily too late! Again, in the actions of the 2nd and 11th of July, near Komorn, he wilfully kept two corps idle whilst the other three were unable to do more than keep their position against the superior forces of the allied autocrats! During this time, however, he had been deposed from the command by the Government of Kossuth; yet he managed to keep the army isolated near Komorn until both the Austrians under Haynau and the main body of Russians under Paskewitch had got between him and Pesth, and thus he was able to lead his army by a long circituous route, and again to be *just too late*, at Arad, to co-operate with Bem at the battle of Temesvar, on the 9th of August. Immediately upon the defeat of Bem, he at last revealed his long-conceived project, insisted that he, as the only unvanquished general, could treat for a surrender better than Kossuth, or any other political leader. Kossuth then, for his country's sake, divested himself of his position as President-Governor, that Gorgey might make the best terms possible. The rest is too notorious. Gorgey lives quietly and pardoned at Klaggenfurth, while thirteen of his comrades and followers who surrendered with him were put to death, at Arad, by the brutal Haynau, on the same day that the noble Louis Batthyanyi was judicially murdered at Pesth. Kossuth, and many other illustrious patriots, had been more wise, and retired into Turkey. Still the vindictive autocrats craved for more blood, and these exiles were forthwith claimed from the Sultan to serve as food for the gallows. We all remember how nobly the Ottoman Porte behaved, and how, also, the British fleet drew up at the Dardanelles to support the Sultan in his righteous refusal to betray innocent blood. Fully two years have passed since these events, yet still the Austrians wished to bully the Porte to become jailers of Kossuth for an unlimited period. The Turkish Ministry have firmly resisted being made to do the dirty work of tyrants; and we shall doubtless soon hear that the Viennese Cabinet has hounded on their Ban Jellachich to act as a Solave propagandist in Bosnia, and to excite troubles in Turkish Croatia. It will behoove us to keep our fleet handy, so as to be able to act either in the Adriatic or Black Seas, as the case may be; for the liberation of Kossuth and his companions by the Turks, is only the natural sequence of their having been refused to be delivered up to their pursuers when demanded with such haughty threats, both by the Czar and the Emperor.

Let us mention that Kossuth is accompanied from Turkey by his wife, and his three children, of whom two are boys, and one little girl. We learn with pleasure that it is the intention of this illustrious exile to place his sons at school in England. There can hardly be a greater compliment to us than this, for it can be fairly to say, "Were I not a Hungarian, I would be an Englishman." In conclusion, let us hope that the reception which this noble patriot will meet with throughout England and America, will act as a monition to all the tyrants of Europe, and notify, that on some future occasion, the *whole* Anglo-Saxon race will throw *their* weight into the scale to support the constitutional independence of generous and gallant Hungary against all the banded might of its lawless invaders and bloodthirsty oppressors.

** In the Diet of 1885, Kossuth had sat as the substitute of Magnate Lady, where he could speak, but had no vote.*

ADOLPHE THIERS.

M. Thiers is one of the notable celebrities of our day. Though a Frenchman, his name is well known in England as the author of the famous History of the French Revolution. But in his own country, he is also known as a distinguished orator and statesman; indeed, it is not too much to say, that Theirs is the *cleverest* man in France.

You enter the Chamber of Deputies on some day of grand debate. A speaker has possession of the ear of the house. You see little more than his head above the marble of the tribune, but the head is a good one,—large, well-formed, and intelligent. His eyes, the twinkle of which you can discern behind those huge spectacles he wears, are keen and piercing. His face is short, and rather disfigured by a grin, but when he speaks, it is lively, volatile, and expressive in a remarkable degree. His thin nervous lips, curled like Voltaire's, are characterized by a smile, by turns the most winning, sarcastic, and subtle, that can possibly be imagined.

Listen to him. He speaks with a nasal twang and a provincial accent. He has no melody in his voice. It is loud and ear-piercing,—that of a vixen. Sometimes it rises to a screech, as that of Sheil's did. And yet all ears hang listening to that voice, which pours forth a succession of words embodying ideas as clear as crystal, copious almost to excess, but never tiresome. His exuberant thoughts flow from him without effort; he is perfectly easy, frank, familiar, and colloquial, in his style; his illustrations are most happy, often exceedingly brilliant. Be his theme ever so unpopular, he is invariably listened to with interest. His diminutive figure, his grim face, his screeching voice, are all forgotten in the brilliancy of his eloquence, and in the felicitous dexterity of his argument. That speaker is M. Theirs.

Such as his position is, he has made it himself. He has worked his way upwards from obscure poverty. He owes nothing to birth, but everything to labour. His father was a poor locksmith of Marseilles, where Adolphe was born in the year 1797. Through the interest of some of his mother's relations, the boy obtained admission to the free school of Marseilles, where he distinguished himself by his industry, and achieved considerable success. From thence, at eighteen, he went to study law at the town of Aix. Here it was that he formed his friendship with Mignet, afterwards the distinguished historian. These two young men, in the intervals of their dry labours in the study of law, directed their attention to literary, historical, and political subjects. Thiers even led a political party of the students of Aix, and harrangued them against the government of the restoration. He was practising his eloquence for the tribune, though he then knew it not. He thus got into disgrace with the professors and the police, but the students were ardently devoted to him. He competed for a prize essay, and though his paper was the best, the professors refused to adjudge the prize to "the little Jacobin." The competition was adjourned till next year. Thiers sent in his paper again "next year," but meanwhile a production arrived from Paris, which eclipsed all the others. To this the prize was speedily adjudged by the professors. But great was their dismay, when, on opening the sealed letter containing the name of the competitor, it was found to be no other than that of M. Thiers himself!

The young lawyer commenced practice in the town of Aix, but finding it up-hill work, and not at all productive, he determined to remove, in company with his friend Mignet, to seek his fortune in Paris. Full of talents, but light in pockets, the two friends entered the capital, and took lodgings in one of its obscurest and dirtiest quarters,—a room on the fourth floor of a house in the dark Passage Montesquieu, of which a deal chest of drawers, a walnut-wood bedstead, two chairs, and a small black table, somewhat rickety, constituted the furniture. There the two students lodged, working for the future. They did not wait with their hands folded. Thiers was only twenty-four, but he could already write with brilliancy and power, as his prize essay had proved. He obtained an introduction to Manuel, then a man of great influence in Paris, who introduced Thiers to Lafitte, the banker, and Lafitte got him admitted among the editors of the *Constitutionelle*, then the leading journal. It was the organ of *Les Epiciers*, or "grocers," in other words, of the rising middle classes of France. At the same time Mignet obtained a similar engagement on the *Courier*.

The position of Theirs was a good one to start from, and he did not fail to take advantage of it. He possessed a lively and brilliant style, admirably suited for polemical controversy; and he soon attracted notice by the boldness of his articles. He ventured to write on all subjects, and in course of time he learned something of them. Art, politics, literature, philosophy, religion, history, all came alike ready to his hand. In France, the literary man is much a greater person than he is in England. There the journalist is more than equal to a great borough-mongering lord among ourselves. He is a veritable member of the fourth estate, which in France overshadows all others. Thiers became known, invited, courted, and was a frequenter of the most brilliant *salons* of the opposition. But newspaper writing was not enough to satisfy the indefatigable industry of the man. He must write history too, and his theme was neither more nor less than the great French Revolution. Our readers must know the book well enough. It is remarkably rapid, brilliant, stylish,—full of interest in its narrative, though not very scrupulous in its morality,—decidedly fatalistic, recognising heroism only in the conqueror, and unworthiness only in the vanquished,—in short, the history of M. Theirs is a deification of *success*. But ordinary readers did not look much below the surface; the brilliant narrative, which ministered abundantly to the national appetite for "glory," fascinated all readers; and M. Thiers at once took his place among the most distinguished literary and political leaders of France.

He became a partner in the *Constitutionelle*; descended from his garret, turned dandy, and frequented Tortoni's. Nothing less than a handsome hotel could now contain him. Thiers has grown a successful man, and to such nothing is denied. Liberalism had thriven so well with him, that he must go a little further, he must be democratic: the drift of opinion was then in that direction, so he set on foot the *National*, the organ of the revolutionary party. The war which this paper waged against the government of Charles X. and the Polignac ministry, was of the most relentless kind. The *National* it was, that stung the government into the famous *Ordonnances*, which issued in the "Three Days'" Revolution of 1830. Thiers was, throughout, the soul of this ardent, obstinate, brilliant struggle against the old Bourbon government.

The *National* had only been seven months in existence, when the event referred to occurred. The *Ordonnances* against the Press appeared on the morning of the 26th of July. In the course of the day, the leaders of the Opposition Press, and several members of the Chamber of Deputies, met at the office of the *National*. M. Thiers at once propounded the course that was to be adopted at this juncture.

"Well," said he, "what's to be done now, as to opposition in the journals—in our articles? Come! we must perform an act."

"And what mean you by an act?"

"A signal of disobedience to a law which is no law!—a protest!

"Well—do it then!" was the reply.

A committee was named, on the spur of the moment, composed of Thiers, Chatelain, and Cauchois-Lemaire. Theirs drew up the protest; he inserted the leading idea,—"The writers of journals, called upon the first to obey, ought to give the first example of resistance." This was the signal of Revolution! Some said,—"Good! We shall insert the protest as a leading article in our journals." "Not only that," said Theirs, "we must put our names under it, and our heads under it." The protest was agreed to, after considerable discussion; it was published; and the people of Paris indorsed the protest in the streets of Paris the very next day. Thus Thiers performed the initial act, which led to the expulsion from France of the elder branch of the Bourbon family. But it ought to be added that, after having signed the protest, which was published next morning, Thiers returned to make in the shades of Montmorency, and did not return to Paris until the 29th, after the decisive battle of the barricades had been fought.

Of course, Thiers was now a man of greater mark than ever. The new government of the Citizen King at once secured him; and the son of the Marseilles locksmith, the poor law student of Aix, the newspaper writer of the garret, was now appointed Counsellor of State and Secretary-General of Finance. It is said that the Citizen King even offered him the Portfolio of Finance, which he declined on the ground of inexperience; but he afterwards accepted the office of Under-Secretary of State, and mainly directed that important part of the administration through a crisis of great financial difficulty. He was sent into the Chamber of Deputies as member for Aix, at whose college he had studied.

Thiers was no favourite when he entered the Chamber; he was very generally disliked, and he did much to alarm the timid by his style of dressing a-la-Danton, as well as by his high-flown phrases in favour of democratising Europe, saving Poland, delivering Belgium, and passing the Rhine. His eloquence was then bluster, but as he grew older, he became more polished, more cautious, and more politic. When the Lafitte ministry fell, of which he had been a member, Thiers at once deserted that party, and attached himself to the Casimir-Perier administration. He fell foul of his old comrades, who proclaimed him a renegade. Never mind! Thiers was a clever fellow, who knew what cards he was playing. He who was for passing the Rhine, was now all for repose and peace; he would have no more innovations, nor propagandism; before, the advocate of equality and democracy, he now became the defender of conservatism, the peerage, and the old institutions of France. He stood almost alone in defending the peerage, but it fell nevertheless, and the revolution went on.

On Marshal Soult assuming the direction of affairs in 1831, Thiers was appointed Minister of the Interior. La Vendée was in flames at the time, Belgium was menaced, and excitement generally prevailed. Thiers acted with great energy under the circumstances; by means of gold a traitor was found who secured the arrest of the Duchess de Berri, and the rebellion in Vendée was extinguished. A French army was sent against Antwerp, the citadel was taken, and the independence of Belgium secured. In the Chambers, Theirs obtained a credit for a hundred millions of francs, for the completion of public works. The statue of Napoleon was replaced on the Place Vendome; public works were everywhere proceeded with; roads were formed; canals dug; and industry began generally to revive. The Minister of the Interior was successful.

But a storm was brewing. The republicans were yet a powerful party, and the government brought to bear upon them the terrors of the law. Secret associations were put down, and an explosion took place. Insurrections broke out at Paris and Lyons; Thiers went to the latter place, where he was less sparing of his person than he had been during the three days of Paris; for at Lyons two officers fell at his side, killed by musket-shots aimed at the Minister himself. At length the insurrection was got under; dissensions occurred in the ministry; Thiers retired, but soon after took office under Marshal Mortier; the fetes of July, 1835, arrived; the Fieschi massacre took place, Thiers being by the king's side at the time of the explosion. Laws against the Liberty of the Press followed this diabolical act, and now M. Thiers was found on the side of repression of free speech. The laws against the Press were enforced by him with rigour. He was now on the high road to power. He became President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs. But the Spanish intervention question occurred. Thiers was in favour of intervention, and the majority of the ministry were opposed to it. Thiers resigned office, and bided his time. He went to Rome and kissed the Pope's toe, bringing home with him leather trunks of the middle ages—Roman medals, and a store of new arguments against democracy.

A coalition ministry was formed in 1838, and Thiers, "the Mirabeau gadfly," as a pungent lady styled him about this time, became the leader of the party. Thiers failed in his assaults on the ministry; Molé reigned, then Guizot; and the brilliant Thiers was reduced to the position of a simple deputy on the seats of the opposition. But again did M. Thiers find himself in power, after the failure of the Dotation Bill of the Duke of Nemours. The ministry of March 1st, 1840, was formed, and Thiers was the President of the Council. Louis Philippe confided all to him; but though Louis trusted Thiers, and perhaps owed his crown to him, this statesman seemed really to be his evil genius. The Thiers ministry brought the government of France into imminent danger from foreign powers, and was replaced, as a matter of urgency, by that of Guizot, in October. Thiers again relapsed into violent opposition. Years passed, during which he proceeded with his completion of the History of the Consulate and the Empire, which brought him in large gains. The fatal year of 1848 arrived; and when Guizot was driven from power, Louis Philippe again, and for the last time, charged M. Thiers with the formation of a ministry. It did not last an hour. The revolution of 1848 was already consummated.

The career of Thiers since then, is well known. For a time he disappeared from France; haunted Louis Philippe's foot-steps,—still protesting undying love for that branch of the Bourbon family. He returned to the Chamber of Deputies, where he is again in opposition; though what he is, and what the principles he holds, it is difficult to say. Principles, indeed, seem to stick to Thiers but lightly. One day he is the bitter enemy of socialism, the next he is its defender. He is a Free-trader to-day, a Protectionist to-morrow. He is a liberal and conservative by turns. In short, he is a man "too clever by half," and seems constantly tempted, like many skilful speakers, to show how much can be said on both sides of a question. He is greatest in an attack; he is a capital puller-down; when anything is to be built up, you will not find Thiers among the constructors. He is a thoroughly dexterous man,—sagacious, subtle, scheming and indefatigable. Few trust him, and yet, see how he is praised! "Have you read Thiers' speech? Ah! there is transcendant orator!" "Bah!" says another, "who believes in what Thiers says? The little stinging dwart,—he is only the *roue* of the tribune!"

Thus, though Thiers has many admirers, he has few friends. His changes have been so sudden and unexpected on many occasions, that few care to trust him. He is not a man to be depended upon. He has been a republican and a monarchist by turns; who knows but to-morrow he may be a Red? It all depends on how the wind blows! This is what they say of M. Thiers. The nobles regard him as a *parvenu*; the republicans stigmatize him as a renegade. The monarchists think of him as a waiter on Providence.

M. Cormenin (Timon), in his *Livre des Orateurs*, has drawn a portrait of Thiers with a pencil of caustic. Perhaps it is too severe; but many say it is just. In that masterly sketch, Cormenin says,—"Principles make revolutions and revolutionists. Principles found monarchies, aristocracies, republics, parliaments. Principles are morals and religion, peace and war. Principles govern the world. In truth, M. Thiers affirms that there are no principles, that is to say, M. Thiers has none. That is all."—*From Eliza Cook's Journal.*

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION

AT WORCESTER.

By Rev. Henry Bellows, *in Christian Inquirer.*

We have read the report of the proceedings of this Convention with lively interest and general satisfaction. We confess ourselves to be much surprised at the prevailing good sense, propriety, and moral elevation of the meeting. No candid reader can deny the existence of singular ability, honest and pure aims, eloquent and forcible advocacy, and a startling power in the reports and speeches of this Convention. For good or for evil, it seems to us to be the most important meeting since that held in the cabin of the Mayflower. That meeting recognized the social and political equality of one half the human race; this asserts the social and political equality of the other half, and of the whole. Imagine the difference which it would have made in our Declaration of Independence, to have inserted "and women," in the first clause of the self-evident truths it asserts; "that all men *and women* are created equal!" This Convention declares this to be the true interpretation of the Declaration, and, at any rate, designs to amend the popular reading of the instrument, to this effect—Nor is it a theoretical change which is aimed at. No more practical or tremendous revolution was ever sought in society, than that which the Woman's Rights Convention inaugurates. To emancipate half the human race from its present position of dependence on the other half—to abolish every distinction between the sexes that can be abolished, or which is maintained by statute or conventional usage—to throw open all the employments of society with equal freedom to men and women—to allow no difference whatsoever, in the eye of the law, in their duties or their rights—this, we submit, is a revolution surpassing in pregnancy of purpose and potential results, any other now upon the platform, if it do not outweigh Magna Charta and our own Declaration themselves. We very well recollect the scorn with which the annual procession of the first Abolitionists was greeted in Boston, some thirty years ago. The children had no conception of "the Bobolition Society," but as of a set of persons making themselves ridiculous for the amusement of the public; but that "Bobolition Society" has shaken the Union to its centre, and filled the world with sympathy and concern. The Woman's Rights Convention is, in like manner, a thing for honest scorn to point its finger at; but a few years may prove that we pointed the finger, not at an illuminated balloon, but at the rising sun.

We have no hesitation in acknowledging ourselves to be among those who have regarded this movement with decided distrust and distaste. If we have been more free than other to express this disgust, we have perhaps rendered some service by representing a common sentiment with which this reform has to contend. We would be among the first to acknowledge that our objections have not grown out of any deliberate consideration of the priciples involved in the question. They have been founded on instinctive aversion, on an habitual respect for public sentiment, on an irresistible feeling of the ludicrousness of the proposed reform in its details. Certainly social instinct has its proper place in the judgments we pass on the manners of both sexes. What is offensive to good taste—meaning, by good taste, the taste of the most educated and refined people—has the burden of proof resting upon it when it claims respect and attention. But we should be the last